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A JOURNAL FOR READERS, PUBLISHERS, LIBRARIANS, ARTISTS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS, AND BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

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THE CRITIC.

EGOISM AND EGOTISM.

It is the habit of our countrymen to use these two words as if they were perfectly synonymous, though it requires only a slight acquaintance with language to know that in meaning they essentially differ. Egoism is intense selfishness; it is the sacrifice of every person or thing, of every interest, however sacred, of every cause, however noble, for our own real or supposed benefit; but it may not be accompanied by any boastful or babbling tendency, it may even use silence regarding self as one of the means of accomplishing the objects of self. Egotism, however, is simply the disposition and habit to speak incessantly about ourselves, and may or may not have a large infusion of vanity, but it is often found in those who are freest from selfishness.

The greatest egotist, perhaps, that ever lived, was WILLIAM COBBETT; but he does not seem to have been much of an egoist; indeed, he displayed in an eminent degree, many of the virtues peculiar to the English character. The greatest egoist, perhaps, that ever lived, was NAPOLEON BONAPARTE; but he was too much an egoist to be an egotist; or, if he now and then indulged in egotism, this was only one of the numerous theatricalities which he thought fit to hang as a drapery round the miracles of his genius. The French are the most egotistical nation in the world; but, in egotism, they are surpassed by the English. The Romans were a nation of egoists; the Greeks a nation of egotists. The whole manifestations of Hellenic life, the highest triumphs of Hellenic art, were scarcely anything else but modes in which Greek egotism spoke. Egotism is social; why is the Frenchman so abundantly social but because he feels the irresistible need of talking about himself? 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To the egotism of mankind we owe a most interesting and instructive class of works—autobiographies. Many have read the confessions of ROUSSEAU who have never glanced at his other writings. Many have been charmed by ALFIERI's memoirs of himself who would deem it a penance to peruse his tragedies. Many have held sweet communion with ST. AUGUSTINE who would shrink aghast from his formidable folios; though, by the way, the account of a saint, whether written by himself or by others, is never piquant beyond the point of conversion. ROCHEFOUCAULD may be considered to have given us the philosophy of egoism; MONTAIGNE, the philosophy of egotism. A man may have boundless ambition, yet we should hesitate to call him an egoist. For instance, JULIUS CESAR had far more ambition than AUGUSTUS CESAR, yet far less egoism. In politics the most egotistical of parties are the aristocratic, because their main constituent of existence, their main motive is calculation; whereas monarchy has around it chivalrous associations, thrilling traditions, venerable customs, the breath of honour, the pomp of state, the poetry of military enthusiasm, and needs to borrow nothing from calculation: and democracy, however occasionally unreasoning and reckless, has generous impulses and lofty ideas, and mainly fails from its overestimate of what is good in human nature, and from its fervent faith that to the height of what man is capable in moments of heroic excitement and epic sublimity he will always be able to rise. BYRON had in an equal degree egoism and egotism; and perhaps there is no other author of whom we could say the same. Nor did he possess them merely in an equal degree, but both in an extraordinary degree. And, strange as it may seem, they aided his geniuses as much as they were disastrous to his character. Without his egotism his writings would have had far less freedom and flow; without his egoism, far less intensity and force; for egoism however fatal it may be to our moral nature, certainly stimulates and strengthens the intellect. What was the root of NAPOLEON's unparalleled unity, directness, pertinacity of purpose, but his enormous egoism? There are some men, regarding whom it is our only regret, that they had so little egotism. How welcome would have been to our grateful and admiring hearts, a few confessions from SHAKSPERE, even if they had been on the most trifling subjects! Some authors owe all their reputation for genius to a certain quaint and humorous egotism. We peruse them because they were egotists; we love them because they were egotists; they will be immortal because they were egotists. Who would care to read the life of CHARLES LAMB, or his works, unless he had said so much and written so much about himself? In those writers in whom the artist predominates over the man, egotism is tame and tedious. There have been numerous disputes in Germany and elsewhere as to the merit of GOETHE's productions; but even admitting all which his idolators claim for them, there can be no doubt that he was much more of the artist than the man. Hence his egotism, whatever value it may have in reference to art, has no breadth or geniality in it, and rather repels us from the man GOETHE, than attracts us toward him. The most odious age of egoism which the world has yet beheld, was the age of LOUIS the FOURTEENTH, and LOUIS himself was the completest incarnation of decorous, hypocritical egotism. The present age is too lazy and apathetic to be thoroughly egotistical. It is rather self-indulgent than self-seeking, and in egoism self-seekingness is the cardinal feature. The chief characteristic of society at present is a kind of universal lassitude. Men do not wish to believe too much, and they do not like to be troubled with doubting too much. They want simply to be let alone, and they want everything else to be let alone. They are too indolent even to be egotists, for they abhor the necessity of talking quite as much as the necessity of action. Hence they get others to talk and act for them. They are satisfied if their statesmen seem to be doing—seem to be doing what they themselves should. And in newspapers, literary periodicals, tracts, pamphlets, novels, they feel themselves to be wonderfully eloquent—by proxy. Egotism, though a moral abomination, is yet a logical extreme; but it is precisely from extremes of all sorts that the present age shrinks. Egotism, also, cannot be egotism, without an attitude of personal responsibility; but the present age dreads responsibility as much as it does extremes. One leading cause why what are called representative institutions are so popular, is found in the circumstance just mentioned. It is supposed that when statesmen are chosen by the general voice of the people, the extremes of party will neutralize each other, and likewise words will be uttered and deeds will be done for which no one individual in particular will be responsible. What has made representative institutions popular, has also made popular and prevalent anonymous writing. The boldest and most infamous things are said without a name, which no man would dare to say in his own name, and in his own person. He would fear to meet face to face the opponent whom he attacks with a mask on; he would fear, perhaps, still more, the charge of egotism, if he uttered in his own voice what he breathes in a borrowed one. In the grand Hungarian struggle of last year, which made every noble heart in England beat in sympathy, would any man on his own individual responsibility have ventured to speak the foul lies and atrocious calumnies which were daily poured forth in anonymous leading articles and in the letters of anonymous correspondents? So that, strange as it may seem, the want of egotism in a nation may really lead to moral defects of a very grave character, to cowardice, to slander, to hypocrisy, to irresolution, to all kinds of compromises and equivocations. The English are notably frank; they are as notably truthful. It is the truthfulness of the English which has made them the greatest of modern nations. But by a curious contradiction, the English, who are the frankest and most truthful of men in all things else, are just as unfrank and untruthful, when the relation between us and them is simply that of human beings, and does not include professional or commercial intercourse. In our dealings with the English we instinctively believe them to be honest; we at once trust them as such; but we get no deep or definite impression from those dealings regarding the character of any particular Englishman. In other countries manners are the expression of character; in England they are the disguise of character. In England we are seldom deceived in transactions, but frequently deceived in persons; in other countries we are frequently deceived in transactions, but rarely deceived in persons. The want of egotism characteristic perhaps of the English in all ages, but especially characteristic of them in the present age, gives a very peculiar aspect to the mode in which they persecute those who differ from them in opinion. Martyrs in modern times are a much more numerous race than is usually supposed; and they especially abound in that country which is always boasting of its civilization and its

works of mercy—England. Hard here is the lot of him who lives for a sentiment; far more awful the doom of him who works for an idea. To no people is persecution as a force, as a legal and overt act, more distasteful than to the English; to none is it more congenial when exerted as a silent but fatal influence. Most nations, and notably the French, care more for the symbols of authority than for the authority itself; to the English, it is the authority which is dear, and they care little about the symbols. It is not what they do, but what they cause to be done, which flatters the English. To be the chief figure satisfies a Frenchman; to be the chief does is the aspiring of an Englishman, whether he be the chief figure or not. Hence arises a great deal both of the good and the evil in the English character. None, for instance, are so unostentatiously generous as the English. They are content to let the power of their benevolence be felt, sure that it will be all the more effectually felt, from the original giver not being obtrusively visible. That modesty mingles largely in this is certain, but a still larger element is that Titan pride which despises effects from the exulting consciousness of the energy of the cause that has produced them. The chief delight which an Englishman's generosity gives him is the haughty knowledge that he has the means of being ten times more generous if he chooses. His bigotry takes the same shape as his generosity, and for the same reason. That others should have a different faith from his does not wound his convictions, it offends his pride. But this very pride it is which keeps him from crushing the heretic by the arm of the law, or by physical violence of any kind. This would be elevating a cruelty into a contest, and bestowing on a victim somewhat of the equality and the glory of a combatant. The Englishman proceeds in a much more successful and a much more cowardly manner to accomplish his object, though it is not a cowardly motive which prompts him to a cowardly deed, but simply the love of being powerful by the concealment of the instruments of power. The Englishman finds it easier to get rid of the hero of a sentiment, the prophet of an idea, by smothering than by smiting. Now, it would be wrong to say that an increase of egotism would eradicate this taste for indirect persecution; for that taste obviously depends on the operation of various other causes. But unquestionably an egotism that dared to speak out in a manly fashion all it felt would encourage the disposition to tolerate differences of opinion and mitigate the proneness both to direct and indirect persecution. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that the morbid reserve of the English, or, in other words, their want of frank and manly egotism is one reason why they can so readily put up with a certain easy-going mediocrity in government. Where impersonality is the rule in all things else a vigorous personality would be considered an impertinence in statesmanship. No statesman would be borne for an hour in England who ventured to do his own deeds, utter his own thoughts, and so confess his whole being in a transcendently egotistical style as to stamp the large impress of his will on the nation's heart. Hence no statesman of genius since CANNING has been entrusted with the piloting of the nation's destinies. All that a leading statesman is required to do amongst us is glibly to speak constitutional maxims, and give them from time to time a very limited application. We think, therefore, that there are few things which the English need more strenuously to be taught at the present time than that whatever may be the other qualities required to constitute a good government, its first and main attribute is strength. As a general maxim, it may be perfectly true that knowledge is power, but in reference to a government it is far truer that energy is wisdom. The thing above all then to be sought for in statesmen is not good intentions or an ardent love of freedom or thorough honesty, or an extensive acquaintance with constitutional theories and with the details of administration, but earnest purpose, vigorous will, and portentous courage. A statesman, as such, has nothing to do with liberty; he has simply to consider what is most for the commonweal, and as quickly as possible to make that a living and organic reality among men, even if it war with all the received notions about liberty. Like everything else, liberty, especially in this country, has degenerated into a cant; and nothing more than that cant stands in the way of bold, comprehensive, and effective statesmanship. Liberty is a primordial neces-

sity, an eternal yearning in the heart of individuals and of nations, but it is not the only or the principal condition of social existence. Men did not enter into society to be free, but for purposes of conservatism and of order. Indeed, the formation of every civilized community is a sacrifice of liberty. It cannot, therefore, be the leading aim and intention of statesmanship to maintain that which society in constituting itself commenced by surrendering. But how are we to have a strong government without a strong man; and how are we to have the strong man unless we allow him one condition of greatness, though we are far from saying that it is the noblest, that of being egotistical? Sir R. PEEL has been frequently accused of egotism. This accusation has always made us admire him the more. That man, we have thought, must have the germs of greatness in him, how much soever a conventional position and a red-tape education may have nipt and chilled them, who dares be egotistical at a time when egotism is treated as heresy and crime. And when because he was egotistical he was likewise accused of egoism, we have scouted the logic as alike ridiculous and unfair, seeing that egotism and egoism are always in inverse proportions. Precisely, because PEEL spoke so much about himself, were we convinced that he thought much more about the nation. Better this than men far inferior to PEEL, who are always speaking about the nation yet always thinking about themselves. It might be objected to a large proportion of what precedes that our plan of antagonizing egoism by egotism, that is, the selfishness of the heart by the apparent vanity and sometimes vaunting of the tongue may have, applied to the English, no other effect than the rooting out of that for which England is so famous, gentlemen. England is the only land in the world that grows gentlemen. Would it grow these if it had less egoism and more egotism? The great public schools, such as Eton and Harrow, the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, if they teach nothing else, teach aristocratical manners, teach that delicacy and dignity, that indescribable something which constitutes a gentleman. Now the basis of aristocratical manners as of the aristocratical government is unquestionably egoism. It may seem in this case, therefore, as if egoism were a good if not in itself at least in its results. All we have to say in reply is, that high as a gentleman is a man is higher, just as we should say in reference to a church that was an effective teacher of decency, that high as decency is morality is higher. Besides, the habits of the English have a marvellous an indestructible tenacity. Regenerate the man among them as much as you may, you will not destroy the gentleman; restore morality among them as much as you may, you will not efface that decency which is their peculiarity and their pride. And could we but make the English esteem a man as much as they esteem a gentleman, and esteem morality as much as they esteem decency, we should convert them into a nation more godlike than earth has ever seen yet. For not with the design of indulging in ingenious speculations and making silly distinctions, have we entered so deeply into the subject of egoism and egotism. That author writes to small effect over whom hovers not as inspiration the glory of his conquering fatherland.

KENNETH MORENCY.

HISTORY.

The History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. Vol. II. C. Knight.

THERE is no more difficult task than the composition of contemporaneous history. It is almost impossible for the most conscientious writer to sever himself so entirely from all participation in the politics of the period he is recording, as to view them altogether without prejudice, and yet, if there be a prejudice, so much does it distract the judgment, that unjust verdicts are pronounced with the entire unconsciousness of injustice, and often when the historian believes that he is pronouncing most impartially. The historical library proves, however, that the fault is not peculiar to contemporary histories; many of the most renowned books, treating of past ages, are

equally deformed by the opinions and politics of the age in which the history was composed. They were written with a bias on behalf of certain parties or opinions, and with a view to advance or to bring into disrepute certain existing parties and opinions, by indirect embodiment of their principles and ingenious pointing of the moral.

It is, therefore, a remarkable and creditable fact, that the history of the last thirty years in England, so pregnant with themes calculated to excite the strongest political and sectarian feelings, and therefore the most stubborn prejudices, should have been written by an author of our time, and that author a lady, and that lady, one who has strong opinions,—and peculiar ones, too,—and who, nevertheless, has so abstracted her judgment from their influence as to have produced a narrative so fair and impartial, that it would be difficult for a reader, ignorant of the writer's name, to say to what party her opinions incline, or to what sect she belongs. It is true that Miss MARTINEAU was not personally a participant in the stirring events she describes so vividly and vigorously; but she was a deeply-interested looker-on, and enthusiastically desired the success of the principles, which have become so thoroughly established, that even the most sturdy Conservative now would have been deemed a Radical at the period at which this history begins. The thirty years included in these two volumes are unparalleled for the mighty revolution in opinion, practice, habits and manners which has been wrought, as all great changes to be lasting should be wrought, by steps, peacefully and after mature deliberation, and not until the public voice has unequivocally pronounced in their favour. The modern history of England is a lesson of statesmanship for the world, and to whatever cause the result is due, whether to our national character, or the good sense of our rulers, who knew when it was time to yield, certain it is, that the position which she has attained among the nations is as much the consequence of the wisdom that has governed her counsels, as of the peace that has prevailed amid changes that would have produced a dozen civil wars in any other country. It is a glorious period in our annals—glorious for humanity—glorious for us as a people—glorious to treat of—and Miss MARTINEAU is conscious of the greatness of her theme, and her mind swells as she contemplates it, and her words have an eloquence and a vigour beyond her wont, and may vie with those of many of the historical works of greater pretension, which are pointed to as models of style.

Miss MARTINEAU, in this volume, continues to exhibit the same impartiality in her description of distinguished public characters which we had occasion to note with much commendation in our notice of her first volume. But we must not detain our readers with praises of a book which every one of them ought to peruse, and which, if once they open it, they will be sure to lay down with regret, especially as we have before at considerable length described its special merits, and indicated the few faults that occurred to us; but we will at once proceed to exhibit those merits by a few passages, which we had noted as peculiarly worthy of repetition, or as having an interest independently of their contents.

Miss MARTINEAU's sketch of the Radicals in the House of Commons, so entirely unlike the ideal picture of them drawn by their opponents, who represented them as low, coarse demagogues, when they were actually losing

power, science, morality, vulgarity, despotism, for the service, Melville, Debates, abuse, publication, destruction, servitude, Tory, Not and class, were philosophical influence and far self-sacrifice. The be made Lord hold sym The elect have selves turned seen virtue less altered between making part any rest his requirem mig was It w poli they cou nec Que and diss other mem Col Ewa and as t ready dog mir becom rem Col ceiv any in h inju fun reas into they call to p —the prin ref

power because they were too fine and fastidious, is extremely truthful.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL RADICALS.

These Radical Reform members were men of conscience, of enlightenment, of intellectual ability, and moral earnestness, of good station, and, generally speaking, independent fortune. They were so unlike the vulgar Tory representation of them—so far from being destructives and demagogues—that the sober-minded of the community might more reasonably trust them for the conservation of property than either the Conservatives or the Whigs. Whig government under Lord Melbourne was a lottery; and all propositions of the time for shaving the fundholder, for tampering with the Debt, for perilous the land by a return to poor law abuses, for interfering with the rights of property in its public investments and private operations, all such destructive schemes proceeded from the rankest Conservatives, and were exhibited in Quarterly Reviews—Tory newspaper articles—Tory speeches on hustings. Not only in this sense were the Radicals no demagogues, and therefore fit to be the guides of the sober middle classes—they were also no popular orators. They were as far removed from influence over the mob by the philosophical steadiness of their individual aims as from influence over the aristocracy by the philosophical depth and comprehensiveness of their views. They were as far from sharing the passion of the ignorant as the selfish and shallow *nonchalance* of the aristocratic. They perceived principles which the untaught could not be made to see; and they had faith in principles when Lord Grey preached in his place that no one should hold to the impossible; and thus, they were cut off from sympathy and its correlative power above and below. The aristocracy called them Destructives; and the non-electors knew nothing about them. All this should have been another form of appeal to them to make themselves felt in this gloomy time of crisis, when the fortunes of the nation were sinking at home, and storms seemed to be driving up from abroad, and the political virtue of Great Britain was in peril from a selfish powerlessness in high places, and despair in the lowest, and alternate apathy and passion in the regions which lay between. But there were reasons which prevented their making themselves felt. They were not properly a party, nor ever had been. There was not among them any one man who could merge the differences of the rest, and combine their working power, in deference to his own supremacy: and neither had they the other requisite—experience in party organization. They might try for it: and now they probably would: but it was not a thing to be attained in a day, or in a session. It was never attained at all, during this period of our political history. The chiefs moved and spoke; but they neither regenerated nor superseded the Whigs, nor could keep out the Conservatives, when at last public necessity overcame Whig tenacity of office, and the Queen's natural adherence to her first set of ministers, and brought in a new period marked by a complete dissolution and fresh fusion of parties. There was no other party which, in 1837, was known to include such men as Grote, and Molesworth, and Roebuck—and Colonel Thompson, and Joseph Hume, and William Ewart;—and Charles Buller, and Ward, and Villiers, and Bulwer, and Strutt:—such a phalanx of strength as these men, with their philosophy, their science, their reading, their experience—the acuteness of some, the doggedness of others—the seriousness of most, and the mirth of a few—might have become, if they could have become a phalanx at all. But nothing was more remarkable about these men than their individuality. Colonel Thompson and Mr. Roebuck could never be conceived of as combining with any number of persons, for any object whatever; and they have so much to do, each in his individual function, that it would perhaps be an injury to the public service to withdraw them from that function: and when we look at the names of the rest, reasons seem to rise up why they too could not enter into a party organization. Whether they could or not, they did not, conspicuously and effectively. They were called upon, before the opening of the new Parliament, to prove betimes that they were not single-subject men—as reformers are pretty sure to be considered before they are compacted into a party;—but to show that the principles which animated their prosecution of single reforms were applicable to the whole of legislation. If

Mr. Hume still took charge of Finance, and Mr. Grote of the Ballot, and Mr. Roebuck of Canada, and Sir W. Molesworth of Colonization, and Mr. Ward of the Appropriation principle, they must show that they were as competent to the enterprises of their friends, and of their enemies, as to their own. Many of them did this: but the association of their names with their particular measures might be too strong. They were never more regarded as a party during the period under our notice: and it may be observed now, though it was not then, that their failing to become a party in such a crisis as the last struggles of the Melbourne ministry was a prophecy of the disintegration of parties which was at hand, and which is, in its turn, a prophecy of a new age in the political history of England.

MISS MARTINEAU was one of Lord BROUGHAM'S most ardent admirers, in the days of his moral and intellectual greatness, before his soul was prostrated by the glitter of coronets (alas! for poor human nature), thus kindly, but regretfully, she paints

HARRY BROUGHAM.

There is something very affecting to those who were of mature years at that time in looking back upon these glories of the Harry Brougham who was the hope and admiration of so large a portion of the liberal body in the nation. As he himself said, he had now arrived at the pinnacle of his fame: he had attained an honour which could never be paralleled. When he said this, he did not contemplate decline; nor did those who listened to him; nor did the liberal party generally. Those who did were some close observers who had never had confidence in him, and who knew that sobriety of thought and temperance of feeling were essential to success in a commanding position, though they might not be much missed in one of struggle and antagonism. These observers, who had seen that with all his zeal, his strong spirit of pugnacity, his large views of popular rights and interests, Henry Brougham gave no evidences of magnanimity, patience, moderation, and self-forgetfulness, felt now, as throughout his course, that power would be too much for him, and that his splendid talents were likely to become conspicuous disgraces. This was what was soon to be tried: and in the interval, he stood, in these times of popular excitement, the first man in England;—called by the popular voice to represent the first constituency of England, in a season when constituencies and their chosen representatives were the most prominent objects in the nation's eye. Mr. Brougham had been twenty-one years in public life; his endowments were the most splendid conceivable, short of the inspiration of genius; and they had been, thus far, employed on behalf of popular interests. Men thought of his knowledge and sagacity on colonial affairs—shown early in his career: they thought of his brave and faithful advocacy of the Queen's cause: they thought of his labours for popular enlightenment—of his furtherance of Mechanics' Institutes of the London University, and of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge: they thought of his plans for the reform of the law, and his labours in making justice accessible to the poor: they thought of his mighty advocacy of the claims of the slave, and of his thundering denunciations of oppression in that and every other relation; and they reasonably regarded him as a great man, and the hope of his country. It was so reasonable to regard him thus, that those who had misgivings were ashamed of them, and concealed them so anxiously that it is certain that Mr. Brougham had as fair a field as any man ever had for showing what he could do. But, though those who knew him best concealed their doubts, the doubts were there; doubts whether his celebrated oratory was not mainly factitious—vehement and passionate, but not simple and heartfelt;—doubts whether a temper of jealousy and irritability would not poison any work into which it could find entrance;—doubts whether a vanity so restless and insatiable must not speedily starve out the richest abilities;—doubts whether a habit of speech so exaggerated, of statements so inaccurate, would not soon be fatal to respect and confidence;—doubts about the perfect genuineness of his popular sympathies—not charging him with hypocrisy, but suspecting that the people were an object in his imagination, rather than an interest in his heart—a temporary idol to him, as he was to them. These

doubts made the spectacle of Henry Brougham at the head of the representation of Great Britain an interesting and anxious one to those who knew him well, whether from personal intercourse or from a close study of his career. With all the other liberals of England, it was an occasion of unbounded triumph. He has since publicly and repeatedly referred to this period as that of his highest glory; and there are now none, probably, who do not agree with him. At this Yorkshire election, when four representatives were required, five candidates came forward, and Mr. Brougham stood next to Lord Morpeth, who headed the poll.

Probably, it is the haunting consciousness of his fall, which impels him to the eccentricities, almost amounting to insanity, which now alternately amuse and astonish the European public. He tries, perhaps, to escape from his own reflections, and to erase the galling memories of past honour, worthily won, in the excitement of men's wonder given, not to his virtues, but to abilities so sacrificed. Very graphic is her sketch of the sudden dissolution of the Parliament, upon the rejection of the Reform Bill. We well remember the *streets* of London on that memorable occasion, and we can vouch for the accuracy of some portions of the picture.

After what happened in the other House at a later hour, there was nothing to be done but to enforce upon the King the alternative of losing his Ministers or dissolving Parliament; and the next morning, Lord Grey went to the palace for the purpose of procuring a decision of the matter. He and a colleague or two walked quietly and separately across the Park, to avoid exciting notice. For some hours there appeared little chance of a decision; but at length the perplexed sovereign began to see his way. He was yielding—had yielded—but with strong expressions of reluctance, when that reluctance was suddenly changed into alacrity by the news which was brought him of the tone used in the House of Lords about the impossibility that he would actually dissolve Parliament, undoubted as was his constitutional power to do so. What! did they dare to meddle with his prerogative? The King exclaimed: he would presently show them what he could and would do. He had given his promise; and now he would lose no time: he would go instantly—that very moment—and dissolve Parliament by his own voice.—“As soon as the royal carriages could be got ready,” his Ministers agreed.—“Never mind the carriages; send for a hackney coach,” replied the King,—a saying which spread over the kingdom, and much enhanced his popularity for the moment. Lord Durham ran down to the gate, and found but one carriage waiting—the Lord Chancellor's. He gave orders to drive fast to Lord Albemarle's—the Master of the Horse. Lord Albemarle was at his late breakfast, but started up on the entrance of Lord Durham, asking what was the matter. “You must have the King's carriages ready instantly.”—“The King's carriages! Very well: I will just finish my breakfast.”—“Finish your breakfast! Not you! You must not lose a moment. The King ought to be at the House.”—“Lord bless me! is there a revolution?”—“Not at this moment; but there will be if you stay to finish your breakfast.”—So the tea and roll were left, and the royal carriages drove up to the palace in an incredibly short time.—The King was ready and impatient, and walked with an unusually brisk step. And so did the royal horses in their passage through the streets, as was observed by the curious and anxious gazers. Meantime, the scenes which were taking place in the two Houses were such as could never be forgotten by those who witnessed, or who afterwards heard any authentic account of them. The Peers assembled in unusual numbers at two o'clock to hear Lord Wharncliffe's motion for an address to his Majesty, praying that his Majesty would be graciously pleased not to exercise his undoubted prerogative of dissolving Parliament; every one of them being in more or less expectation that his lordship's speech might be rendered unavailing by some notification from the throne, though few or none probably anticipated such a scene as took place. Almost immediately, the Lord Chancellor left the woolsack. Could he be gone to meet the King?—Lord Shaftesbury was called to the chair, and Lord Wharncliffe rose. As

soon as he had opened his lips, the Duke of Richmond, a member of the Administration, called some of their lordships to order, requesting that, as bound by the rules, they would be seated in their proper places. This looked as if the King was coming. Their lordships were angry; several rose to order at the same time, and said some sharp things as to who or what was most disorderly; so that the Duke of Richmond moved for the Standing Orders to be read, that no offensive language should be used in that House. In the midst of this lordly wrangling, and of a confusion of voices rising into cries, Boom! came the sound of cannon which announced that the King was on the way!—Some of the peeresses had by this time entered, to witness the spectacle of the prorogation. For a few minutes, something like order was restored, and Lord Wharncliffe read his proposed Address, which was as strong a remonstrance, as near an approach to interference with the royal prerogative, as might be expected from the occasion.—The Lord Chancellor re-entered the House, and, without waiting for a pause, said, with strong emphasis, "I never yet heard that the Crown ought not to dissolve Parliament whenever it thought fit, particularly at a moment when the House of Commons had thought fit to take the extreme and unprecedented step of refusing the Supplies!"—Before he could be further heard for the cries of "Hear, hear!" shouts were intermingled of "The King! The King!" and the Lord Chancellor again rushed out of the House, rendering it necessary for Lord Shaftesbury to resume the chair. Every moment now added to the confusion. The hubbub, heard beyond the House, reached the ear of the King—reached his heart, and roused in him the strong spirit of regality. The Peers grew violent, and the Peeresses alarmed. Several of these high-born ladies, who had probably never seen exhibitions of vulgar wrath before, rose together, and looked about them, when they beheld their lordships below pushing and hustling, and shaking their hands in each other's faces. Lord Mansfield at length made himself heard; and he spoke strongly of the "most awful predicament" of the King and the country, and on the conduct of Ministers in "conspiring together against the safety of the State, and of making the sovereign the instrument of his own destruction!"—words which naturally caused great confusion. He was proceeding, when the shout again rose, "The King! The King!" and a commanding voice was heard over all, solemnly uttering, "God save the King!" Lord Mansfield proceeded, however. The great doors on the right side of the throne flew open: still his lordship proceeded. Lord Durham, the first in the procession, appeared on the threshold, carrying the crown on its cushion: still his lordship proceeded. The King appeared on the threshold; and his lordship was still proceeding, when the Peers on either side and behind laid hands on him, and compelled him to silence, while his countenance was convulsed with agitation. The King had a flush on his cheek, and an unusual brightness in his eye. He walked rapidly and firmly, and ascended the steps of the throne with a kind of eagerness. He bowed right and left, and desired their lordships to be seated while the Commons were summoned. For a little time it appeared doubtful whether even the oil of anointing would calm the tossing waves of strife: but, after all, the Peers were quiet sooner than the Commons. That House, too, was crowded, expectant, eager, and passionate. Sir Richard Vyvyan was the spokesman of the Opposition; and a very strong one. A question of order arose, as to whether Sir Richard Vyvyan was or was not keeping within the fair bounds of his subject—which was a Reform petition; whereas he was speaking on "dissolution or no dissolution." The Speaker appears to have been agitated from the beginning: and there were several members who were not collected enough to receive his decisions with the usual deference. Honourable members turned upon each other, growing contradictions, sharp, angry—even abusive. Lord John Russell attempted to make himself heard, but in vain: his was no voice to pierce through such a tumult. The Speaker was in a state of visible emotion. Sir Richard Vyvyan, however, regained a hearing; but, as soon as he was once more in full flow, Boom! came the cannon which told that the King was on his way; and the roar drowned the conclusion of the sentence. Not a word more was heard for the cheers, the cries—and even shouts of laughter—all put down together, at regular intervals, by the discharges of artillery. At one moment,

Sir Robert Peel, Lord Althorp, and Sir Francis Burdett, were all using the most vehement action of command and supplication in dumb show, and their friends were labouring in vain to procure a hearing for them. The Speaker himself stood silent by the tumult, till the cries took more and more the sound of "Shame! shame!" and more eyes were fixed upon him till he could have made himself heard, if he had not been too much moved to speak. When he recovered voice, he decided that Sir Robert Peel was entitled to address the House. With occasional uproar, this was permitted; and Sir Robert Peel was still speaking when the Usher of the Black Rod appeared at the Bar, to summon the Commons to his Majesty's presence. Sir Robert Peel continued to speak, loudly and vehemently, after the appearance of the Usher of the Black Rod: and it was only by main force, by pulling him down by the skirts of his coat, that those near him could compel him to take his seat. The hundred members who accompanied the Speaker to the presence of the King rushed in "very tumultuously." There is an interest in the mutual addresses of Sovereign and People in a crisis like this which is not felt in ordinary times; and the words of the Speaker first, and then of the King, were listened to with extreme eagerness. The Speaker said: "May it please your Majesty, we your Majesty's most faithful Commons approach your Majesty with profound respect;—and, Sire, in no period of our history, have the Commons House of Parliament more faithfully responded to the real feelings and interests of your Majesty's loyal, dutiful, and affectionate people; while it has been their earnest desire to support the dignity and honour of the Crown, upon which depend the greatness, the happiness, and the prosperity, of his country." The King spoke in a firm, cheerful, and dignified tone and manner. The speech, which besides referred only to money-matters and economy, and to our state of peace with foreign powers—began and ended thus:—"I have come to meet you for the purpose of proroguing this Parliament, with a view to its immediate dissolution. I have been induced to resort to this measure, for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of my people, in the way in which it can be most constitutionally and most authentically expressed, on the expediency of making such changes in the Representation as circumstances may appear to require, and which, founded upon the acknowledged principles of the Constitution, may tend at once to uphold the just rights and prerogatives of the Crown, and to give security to the liberties of the people.....In resolving to recur to the sense of My People, in the present circumstances of the country, I have been influenced only by a paternal anxiety for the contentment and happiness of my subjects, to promote which, I rely with confidence on your continued and zealous assistance."—"It is over!" said those to each other who understood the crisis better than it was understood by the nation at large. "All is over!" whispered the anti-reformers to each other."

We conclude with a specimen of the disquisitional manner of this history of our own times. It introduces the account of the formation of

SIR R. PEEL'S MINISTRY IN 1834.

From the time of the passage of the Reform Bill, the three parties in the State—kindred with those which exist in every free State—began to accept one another's new titles, and the professions included in those titles. The Tories, Whigs, and Radicals wished to be called Conservatives, Reformers, and Radical Reformers; and the easy civility of calling people by the name they like best spread through public manners till the word Tory was seldom heard except among old-fashioned people, or in the heat of political argument. The Whig title has since revived—inevitably—from the Whigs having ceased even to pretend to the character of Reformers; and the Radical Reformers were not numerous or powerful enough in Parliament to establish for themselves a title which should become traditional. There was some dispute, and a good deal of recrimination, at the outset about the assumption by each party of its own title; the Tories declaring that they were as reforming, in intention and in fact, as the Whigs, only in a preservative way; the Whigs declaring that the only true conservatism was through reforms like theirs; and the Radicals, who were called Destructives by both the others, declaring that a renovation of old institutions—a regeneration on occasion—was the only way to avoid

that ultimate revolution which the Tories would invite and the Whigs permit. While the titles were changing, the parties were as yet essentially the same as ever: as usual, they consisted mainly of the representatives of those who had much to lose, those who had much to gain, and the umpire party, disliked by both, whose function is to interpose in time of crisis, and whose fate it is to exhaust the credit acquired in such seasons during long intervals of indolence and vacillation. Such was, as usual, the constitution of the three political parties, after the passage of the Reform Bill, and when the changes in their titles actually took place: but there were clear-sighted men at that time who perceived that the change of names was but the first sign of an approaching disintegration of the parties themselves; a disintegration which must be succeeded by more or less fusion; that fusion being introductory to a new exhibition of products. The old parties—notwithstanding their new names—were about to disappear. They could not be annihilated; but they would re-appear so transmuted that none but the philosopher would know them again—with new members, a new language, a new task, and a whole set of new aims. As much of this provision has come true as time has yet allowed for. The disintegration and fusion have taken place; and all thoughtful people see that a new formation of parties must be at hand. One limit of the transition period of parties remains still future: the other must be laid down at the date of Sir Robert Peel's accession to power, in December, 1834. Here we have the old Eldon oracle speaking again—speaking "in the spirit of fear," and not "in that of power, and of love, and of a sound mind," and therefore giving out its truth in a dismal disguise; but still giving out more truth than any body could use at the time.—Here we have Lord Eldon's party view of the future, while the Wellingtons and Rodens, and Knatchbuls and Lyndhursts, and Wharncliffs and Ellenboroughs, were in power, at the opening of the year 1835. "The new Ministers certainly have the credit, if that be creditable, of being inclined to get as much popularity by what are called reforms as their predecessors; and if they do not, at present, go to the full length to which the others were going, they will at least make so many important changes in Church and State, that nobody can guess how far the precedents they establish may lead to changes of a very formidable kind hereafter." Though Lord Eldon could see no other reason for Tories making changes than a hankering after popularity, we can discern in the facts and his statement of them the beginning of that wasting away of parties which he did not live to see.

The new Conservative rule began with a joke. Some, who could not take the joke easily, were very angry; but most people laughed: and among them, the person most nearly concerned—the Duke of Wellington—laughed as cheerfully as any body. Sir Robert Peel was at Rome; it must be a fortnight before he could arrive: and nothing could be done about the distribution of office in his absence: so the Duke took the business of the empire upon himself during the interval. This he called not deserting his sovereign; and he was as well satisfied with himself in this singular way of getting over the crisis, as on all the other occasions when he refused to desert his sovereign. His devotion was such that for the interval he undertook eight offices—five principal, and threesubordinate. "The Irish hold it impossible," wrote a contemporary, "for a man to be in two places at once, like a bird." The Duke has proved this no joke—he is in five places at once. At last, then, we have an united government. The Cabinet Council sits in the Duke's head, and the Ministers are all of one mind. The angry among the Liberals treated the spectacle as they would have done if the Duke had proposed to carry on the government permanently in this manner. Condemnations passed at public meetings were forwarded to him with emphatic assurances that the condemnation was unanimous: an orator here and there drew out in array all the consequences that could ever arise from the temporary shift being made a precedent; and Lord Campbell condescended to talk, at a public meeting at Edinburgh, of impeaching the multifarious Minister. At all this, and at a myriad of jokes, the Duke laughed, while he worked like a clerk from day to day, till the welcome sound of Sir Robert Peel's carriage-wheels was heard.

It is a strong proof of the virulence of the party-spirit of the time, that even generous-minded men,

experienced in the vicissitudes of politics, could not at first—nor till after the lapse of months or years—appreciate the position of Sir Robert Peel. Every body saw it at last; and there were many who, during that hard probation, watched him and sympathized with him with daily increasing interest and admiration: but there were too many who turned his difficulties against him, and who were insensible till too late to the rebuke involved in the fine temper which became nobler, and the brilliant statesmanship which became more masterly, as difficulties which he had not voluntarily encountered pressed upon him with a daily accumulating force. His being at Rome proved how little he had anticipated being called to office. He had no option about accepting it—his sovereign sent for him, and he must come: and when he arrived, he found there was no possibility of declining a task which he believed to be hopeless. Unpopular as the Whig Ministry had become, the Conservatives were not the better for it, but the worse; for the cry for reform was growing stronger every day: and he could have no hope of gratifying the majority of his own party, as he could not attempt to repeal the Reform Bill, or to get back to the old ways. There was nothing before him but failure, with discredit, on every hand: but, while he would certainly never have chosen to fill a position so hard and so hopeless, he had a spirit whose nature it was to rise under difficulties, and to feel the greatest alacrity under desperate conditions.

The History of Ancient Art among the Greeks.

Translated from the German of JOHN WINCKELMANN, by G. H. LODGE. London: John Chapman. 1850, pp. 254.

We are indebted, we believe, to an American translator for this English version of WINCKELMANN's treatise, and are glad to recognize the obligation. Not having the original within reach, we are unable to say how far the translation is a faithful one, but we can testify that it is at least rendered into very good, pure, and intelligible English.

The subject of this work, though possessing considerable attractions, has as yet, we fear, been little studied, and is by no means perfectly understood. It would have been well for modern art had the special principles of Greek sculpture received a larger share of attention; as it is undeniable that the greatest improvements have been made when the Greek influence has most predominated. WINCKELMANN has endeavoured to show the way in which this study ought to be conducted, and has placed before the reader what he considers its most valuable products; an attempt in which he seems to have been, in the main, successful. He has industriously collected all the evidence, bearing on the subject, that lay within his reach: his criticisms show that his treatise is the result of a long and laborious course of self-instruction; and this he has sought to obtain chiefly by a diligent study of the monuments of antiquity themselves. So long as he adheres to the special object of his work, he is uniformly successful: his observations will be felt, by most readers, to be instructive; and it is only when he strays into subsidiary speculations that he betrays any marks of feebleness or incapacity.

It is obvious that if Greek sculpture be neglected or misunderstood by artists, the inevitable tendency must be to substitute corrupt for pure models, and to lead to a general vitiation of taste. The author, therefore, very naturally deplores the too common misconceptions that prevail on the subject, for which, as the result of either inattention or false views, he likewise sets himself to account. To us, however, he does not appear to have been particularly happy in the causes he has assigned to the fact. He refers it almost entirely to two circumstances—the first inherent

in the nature of the human mind,—the second accidentally, and arising out of the history of philosophy. In the first place, he assigns it to that besetting indolence which indisposes all men to think and investigate for themselves—a tendency from which no man is wholly free—and in the second place, to the surviving influence of certain *quasi* false and fruitless speculations of the scholastic philosophers on the subject of the beautiful. To the first of these alleged causes we object, that the tendency in question is not specific but generic, and, therefore, not to the point; for that lethargy of man's mind, which is so apt to fetter the spirit of inquiry, may be alleged as a disadvantage attending *all* our investigations, and is no more satisfactory as an explanation of the fault in reference to this, than in reference to all other subjects. It would be just as pertinent to account for the present imperfect state of medical science by the statement—equally undeniable in itself—that human reason is fallible, and its best achievements necessarily imperfect. But a philosopher would be apt to crave a somewhat more proximate cause than this. Nor are we disposed to allow that the second circumstance adduced is any more to the purpose than the first. The scholastic philosophy has sins enough of its own to answer for without charging it with delinquencies in which it has no manner of concern. We shall not stop to show that the philosophy of art, in common with other philosophies, is probably much more indebted to the labours of the schoolmen, than it is the fashion of the present age to acknowledge; though we cannot help remarking that it is much more easy to join in the shallow and unworthy sneer at their pedantries, their affection, and their wire-drawn distinctions, than to emulate either the industry or the sagacity they displayed in the field which had been opened for them by a greater mind than theirs. As regards WINCKELMANN's new charge against them, it is enough to say, that, were it ever so fully made out, the circumstance is one which is altogether too far-fetched to account satisfactorily for the ignorance and mistakes which exist in our own day, in reference to the history and principles of art among the Greeks.

The treatise before us is valuable both for the excellence of its criticisms, and the justness with which the genesis of its aesthetical principles is evolved. Even the doctrine it expounds as to the essential of beauty, though not to be regarded with the same implicit faith, may yet be received without very serious exception; but beyond this limit we feel the necessity of a more independent and even sceptical judgment. There are two very obvious causes of misconception, which the author has not noticed, and which, we think, it would have been sufficient for all practical purposes to have pointed out. These arise out of the peculiar sources from which instruction on this subject is for the most part supplied, either to the general student, or to the student of art as a special pursuit. The former owes what he knows of it, in general, to the teacher of classical learning, by whom Hellenic art is taught only in so far as it relates to, or is illustrated by, Hellenic literature or mythology. Various and pre-conceived theories of mythology are thus too frequently made the means of interpreting the remains of the antique, instead of these remains being employed as the very sources from which instruction must be sought,—the very data on which the mythological theories must be founded. Accordingly, the monuments of

ancient art are prized by this class of persons, only in so far as they illustrate their own restricted department of study; and, the attention they bestow on them having only this secondary aim, it is not reasonable to expect that their examination will be other than imperfect and unproductive. On the other hand, the professed student of art must usually be content to learn all that he is destined to know on a subject which bears so importantly on the business of his life, from a teacher who is himself an artist, and whose views must be in some degree warped by his own practice. But it is not often that those who are highly accomplished in the practice of their profession are equally well qualified to discriminate and inculcate its principles; and, of all men, practical painters and sculptors, from the structure of their minds and the nature of their pursuits, are perhaps least fitted to teach the philosophy of their art, especially as disclosed in its history. Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS probably made the nearest approach to excellence in both departments that can reasonably be expected, and might be pointed out as a man whose skill, when employed at his easel, was equalled by that which he displayed in his more academic vocation. Yet he only illustrates and confirms our remark, as any one will admit who will candidly contrast the ultimate value of his labours in each of these departments. The misfortune, however, has hitherto been that, instead of acknowledging this to be the fact, and reconciling themselves to it as inevitable, men have so obstinately persisted in the futile attempt to unite in one and the same person the duties of the artist and the philosopher of art—a union which, from the different and almost incompatible qualifications which the several characters demand, we do not expect that we shall ever see realized. A much more pleasant illustration of the truth we are now insisting on, than the frequent failures of those artists who have essayed the duties of the teacher, is afforded by the frequent success which has attended the same endeavour, when made by men in the unbiased position, and with the peculiar endowments, of the author whose book is now under review.

In the chapter on the Essential of Art, where it falls within his plan to reconsider the reasons why men's judgments of the beautiful are so conflicting, there are many just observations; though here, also, we fear it must be allowed, that many of these, sound as they are in themselves, and to be prized as giving expression to what is really valuable truth, are rather irrelevant to the matter immediately in hand. Our space is quite insufficient for anything like an adequate analysis of the whole work; and, therefore, we shall occupy the greater part of what remains with some remarks on the nature of the perception of the beautiful, and the manner in which sculpture ought to satisfy it. This will give our readers the best idea of the soundness of the principles on which WINCKELMANN has written, and form the fittest introduction to the perusal of his book.

It is necessary, in the outset, to distinguish between the beauty which attracts the admiration of the vulgar, and that which approves itself as such to the refined and educated taste. The first consists in a certain rude feeling, which is merely sensational, and the tendency to admire beauty of this kind, so far from being that to which art has to minister, is that with which it is perpetually conflicting, and which it aims, in fact, to supplant. On the

contrary, the more refined beauty which painting and sculpture seek to realize in various forms, is the result of a mental perception of relation, proportion, and orderliness in the arrangement of the several parts. That which, in reference to the objects of the sense of hearing, is called *harmony*, is perfectly analogous to that which, in reference to the objects of the sense of sight, is called *beauty*. It is the greatest possible variety of flowing form united, in just relation, in one object, and capable of being viewed in one act of vision. Those initiative arts, accordingly, which have the beautiful for their aim, must single out such objects of nature as most perfectly realize this; while of these, again, they must select the most perfect in kind as most nearly approaching their ideal. Thus, painters and sculptors, in choosing their models, select those forms, of the particular kind in request, which are most perfect and beautiful; and in their imitations they seek to impress on them that yet higher perfection which is present to their minds as their ideal. Yet do they not vainly endeavour to surpass nature by the creation of a form which does not exist in nature; for if they stray from those proportions of parts, and those laws of physical being, which natural forms present, they succeed in creating, not the god or the hero after which they are endeavouring, but only a monster. But it is possible to exceed the beauty of the particular form they have been compelled to choose for their model, as the best within the reach, without exceeding the beauty of some other of their same kind which may elsewhere exist in nature. In short, in giving an ideal beauty to their model, they are only selecting the Adam—the perfect type—of the species, whatever it may happen to be, though his model-representative may be no more than an actual ticket-porter.

This being premised, it is perfectly clear that the capacity for perceiving beauty—in other words, the *taste*—may be educated, and rendered susceptible of a very high degree of refinement. Now, in proportion as this is done, the coarser kind of beauty will lose its power to please; for sense and intellect cannot both predominate at the same time; and the action of the senses must be in some degree subdued before we can experience pleasure of the strictly aesthetical order. Thus, in a painting where the colouring is remarkably rich and bright, the pleasure which we experience may be very great, but it is of the lower and more sensuous order: for the sensation of colour immediately seizes on the attention, and prevents the mind from at once perceiving the more refined beauties of the picture, which consists in the relations and proportions of the figures, as well as the consideration of the success of the whole as an imitation of nature.

The same principle which enable us to ascertain the existence of different orders of beauty, should also guide us in determining the respective superiority of the Fine Arts themselves; and, as the beauty which sculpture aims to create is least dependent on the action of the sensuous organization, it is probably entitled to the first rank among the arts of imitation. It will also follow, from what we have just said, if its truth be admitted, that those works of the sculptor are the finest which aim at an idealised representation of the simple forms of nature themselves, rather than those which are in part only imitations of imitations. That is to say, as the undisguised forms of nature are those which contain the most perfect combinations of variety in form,

those sculptures which profess to represent the rude figure will, *ceteris paribus*, take precedence of those in which it is wholly or partially concealed by drapery. This must at least be allowed to be the case in reference to Greek sculpture, concerning which, BULWER has truly said, in his *Essay on the Rise and Fall of Athens*,—"the greatest improvements in the art seem to have been coeval with the substitution of the naked for the draped figure. Beauty, and ease, and grace, and power, were the result of the anatomical study of the human form."

Such are a few of the general facts which this work, either consciously or unconsciously, will be found to exemplify. It is only necessary to add, that besides the beauty of proportion, which is the relation of the parts to each other, the author dwells at considerable length, and with much truth, on the beauty of *action* and *expression*. But this, it is obvious, comes within the definition we have ourselves ventured to give, since the beauty here must consist in the close relation between the emotion or action, and the state of the features or limbs by which it is attempted to be set forth. There is a most interesting chapter on the "Conformation and Beauty of Male Deities and Heroes," and another on the same with respect to Goddesses and Heroines; but on the details of these and the concluding chapters we cannot enter. The excellent illustrations with which this edition is accompanied, and the admirable manner in which it has been brought out by Mr. CHAPMAN, ought not, however, to go unnoticed.

A. R.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Torquato Tasso. By the Rev. R. MILMAN. In 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1850.

To all lovers of poetry, the life of a poet is almost necessarily interesting, even if that life be nothing more than the history of a mind's natural development, undiversified by striking incidents, or stirring events. But the interest created by the life of Tasso is objective as well as subjective. It is indeed a romance—a tragic poem, full of passion and suffering, and ending in a strain of melancholy sweetness.

Mr. MILMAN has performed his task in the right spirit, and with the necessary sympathy in the character of the man who constitutes the subject of his biography. His work is intended to be simply a life of the poet, and not a dissertation on his works or genius, these having been already amply criticised and commented upon.

TORQUATO TASSO was the only son who survived infancy of BERNARDO Tasso, of the noble family of the Tassi of Bergamo, many members of which, in different generations had already distinguished themselves by their talents, in various departments of life, and established themselves prosperously in various parts of the imperial dominions in Italy. BERNARDO was himself a poet of no mean pretensions. In the year 1531, he became chief secretary of FERHANTE SANSEVERINO Prince of Salerno, a post which he filled for upwards of twenty-three years. This magnate was "the first nobleman in the kingdom of Naples, renowned for his magnanimity and valour, a great patron of literature and the arts, and himself not an inconsiderable proficient." BERNARDO's wife, and the mother of the great TASSO, was PORZIA, daughter of GIAIMO DE' ROSSI, a lady of high birth and noble connexions. The author of the *Gerusalemme*,

salemme, was born at Sorrento, on the Bay of Naples—a fit birth-place for a poet.

The edifices are bosomed in groves of myrtles and oranges, where the perfume of the flowers, and the songs of the nightingales are said to be sweeter than anywhere else in Italy. Chestnut and ilex woods rise behind, clothing the bases and sides of the mountainous amphitheatre with dense and deep foliage. Streams sparkle here and there through the shades, some gliding in the valleys, some tumbling down the hills, the former appearing as if lingering amid the charms of this fair land, the latter as if hastening towards the lovely sea, which reflects the impending cliffs in its deep sheltered calm. Hollowed along their base, are natural grottos and baths true caves of the nymphs, some square and some round, and some paved with red, some with yellow, others with silver sand, but all translucent and sparkling, and contrasting marvellously with the deep blue waters outside. * * * * * Here, on the eve of St. Gregory, the 11th of March, A. D. 1544, when the sun was in its highest meridian, TORQUATO was born. They show the palace and chamber still, although some curious persons have affirmed, that the part of the house where the room was really situated, has been undermined by the waves and fallen in.

BERNARD was absent at the time of his son's birth, being in attendance on the Prince of Salerno, in the war between CHARLES the V. and FRANCIS I. lately recommenced in Piedmont. He returned, however, with his patron to the kingdom of Naples in the ensuing winter, and in January 1545, was reunited to his family. TORQUATO, now ten months old, is represented to have been already a perfect prodigy.

Scarcely, says Manso, "had he completed his sixth month when, beyond what is usual with children, he began to move his tongue, and even to speak. Neither was he ever perceived to stammer as children do; but from the first he formed entire words, and enounced them properly, and, which exceeds human belief, with a meaning corresponding to the questions addressed him, or to the thoughts which he was desirous of expressing, and (overwhelming authority!) 'twas told by those who had heard it directly from his nurse that nothing childish was ever observed in his words, except the delicacy of his infantine voice. Wherefore, it may, without suspicion of falsehood be affirmed, that on his tongue words came before stammerings, and in his words, meaning before sound. Another as great, or perhaps greater marvel, I can adduce, on the testimony of most veracious witnesses, that Torquato in his babyhood was never seen to smile as other children do, and seldom even to cry. Moreover, he never gave occasion, in anything that he did, to father, mother, or nurse, or even his masters, to chastise him or correct him for any disorderly behaviour, or to urge him towards learning any of the lessons which they taught him.

The next two years of BERNARDO TASSO's life glided peacefully away in the bosom of his family, amid the beautiful scenery of Sorrento and Salerno, and in the grateful labour of continuing the composition of his poem, the "Amadigi," or Amadis of Gaul, upon which he had already been long employed. But the calm tenor of his life was then destined to be interrupted for ever, and he was once more separated from his PORZIA never again to be united.

Chiefly through the machinations of DON PEDRO TOLEDO, the Spanish viceroy of Naples, SANSEVERINO was driven to forsake the service of the Emperor, and attach himself to that of the King of France. BERNARDO endeavoured, but in vain, to dissuade his patron from this step, but finding him, after much deliberation, finally determined upon it, he consented to share his fortunes, and was sent by the Prince as his representative to HENRY II. of France, to concert with him the necessary measures for the projected invasion

of Naples. In consequence of this step, he was proclaimed a rebel by TOLEDO, and all his property in the Neapolitan territories confiscated. The attempted attack of the French upon Naples proved abortive, through their delay in keeping their appointment with the fleet of their ally, SOLYMAN the magnificent, the Turkish sultan; and military success in other quarters finally diverted HENRY's attention from it. BERNARDO, weary at last of fruitless endeavours to stir up the indolent monarch to undertake seriously the conquest of Naples, having received bad accounts of the health of his wife and children, solicited his patron's leave to return to Italy. With some difficulty he obtained permission from Pope JULIUS III. to establish himself at Rome. Here, under the protection of the Cardinal IPPOLITO II. D'ESTE, he endeavoured to procure a reunion with his family. Being unable, however, to accomplish this ardently desired object, as far as his wife was concerned, her relations opposing her departure, and withholding her dower, he determined that his son, at least, should become the companion of his exile. Accordingly the young TORQUATO, in company with his tutor, joined his father in Rome. In an unfinished canzone, written under the pressure of subsequent griefs, TASSO passionately alludes to this parting with his mother—his first great sorrow:—

"Ah! yet with plaintive sighs
I call to mind those kisses which she steep'd
In streaming tears, those burning prayers she heap'd
Which the false winds swept idly through the skies.
Ne'er more was I to meet her face to face."

TASSO's education at Naples, had been conducted under the auspices of the Jesuits. He continued to display the same marvellous precocity which had distinguished his infancy:

For young children their (the Jesuits') system was admirably adapted, however narrow and much repressing afterwards—under their tuition Torquato's progress was astonishing. His ardour and diligence were almost incredible. He never let the day surprise him in bed. Often he rose while it was yet deep night. His mother had even to provide torches for him, that he might arise at the very early hour when the fathers commenced instruction. He began his attendance at this school in A. D. 1551, directly after it was opened. During the three years that he remained in it, he became a good Latin scholar, made some proficiency in Greek, and acquired such readiness in speaking and writing, both in prose and verse, that at ten years old he publicly recited some of his compositions in both, to the amazement of those who heard him.

At this early period of his life, also, from his teachers and from his mother he imbibed a deep reverence for religion, and a strongly devout cast of mind, which, though obscured in the days of his youth and prosperity, proved his sole support during his almost unparalleled trials, and shone out brightly amid the wreck of hope, affection, genius, and life. In after days of sorrow, "he recalls the first communion to which he was taken by his teachers, and describes it as having made an ineffaceable impression on his mind." After the departure of her son, PORZIA and her daughter withdrew into a convent, where the former, after languishing for some time, worn out with affliction, and persecuted by her relations, died of an apoplectic stroke. Her death entailed upon BERNARDO the loss of her dowry.

Further still, he was unable to recover Cornelia from the parties who had so tormented her mother; Torquato, also, to cut off all prospect of his recovering his maternal inheritance, was accused by his uncles, and found guilty by the Camera Reale, of participation in his father's rebellion, though he was only nine years old when he left Naples.

On recovering from the despondency into which he had been thrown by this accumulation of misfortune, BERNARDO revolved various schemes for the reparation of his ruined fortunes, but all without effect.

Neither entreaties, nor arguments, nor flattery, nor poetry, could elicit any substantial advantage from any of the hard-hearted courts to which he applied. Before long, his very residence at Rome became unsafe; for, provoked at last by the dealings of the Pope with the King of France, Philip II., who had succeeded his father Charles on the throne of Spain, reluctantly commanded the Duke of Alva to advance from the Neapolitan dominions against Rome.

The following anecdote of the young TASSO, is related to have happened when the Spanish troops occupied the Campagna.

With that adventurous spirit, which was reckoned, as we have noticed, hereditary in the Tassi, young TORQUATO, at the age of twelve years and a half, hearing that a Giambatista Manso was left in command of the army, during some absence of the Duke of Alva, and imagining him to be his godfather, an advocate of the same name, resolved to seek an interview with him, with a notion, perhaps, of inquiring about his property. He stole away by himself and in secret. As he approached Anagni, the headquarters of the Spanish troops, he met a squadron of their cavalry, under the Marquis of Santa Agata, who, struck by his youth, beauty, and courage, brought him at his request, to Manso. TORQUATO immediately perceived his mistake, and was alarmed when he saw a stranger, and remembered his participation in his father's condemnation. The warriors, however, only admired his spirit, and, avowing their old friendship for his unfortunate parent, conducted him back to the neighbourhood of the city.

Space fails us to enumerate the various wanderings of BERNARDO TASSO, among the brilliant little courts of Italy, then in the zenith of its intellectual and commercial glory. Wherever choice or necessity led him, he seems to have procured for his son the instructions of the most eminent masters of the day. Notwithstanding, however, the promising genius of the latter, and the wonderful acquirements he had made, not only in literature, but in the exercises of chivalry, his father, anxious to save him from the life of dependence which he had himself been compelled to lead, determined to establish him in the legal profession. TASSO submitted, but with inward grief. He was, accordingly, entered at the University of Padua, at that time the most prosperous in Italy. We must transcribe Mr. MILMAN'S sketch of this celebrated temple of learning, not only because it affords an interesting and curious picture of manners, but because it describes the *Alma Mater* of the great TASSO.

At this particular period there was a galaxy of talent in almost every department of knowledge, assembled together in Padua. The lecturer on civil law, under whom his father intended Torquato to study, was the celebrated Guido Panciroli. There were Speron Sperone, Francisco Piccolomini, Pendaro, Sigonio, Robertello, and many other distinguished names. Some were public lecturers, some were private teachers; others had no definite appointment, but opened their apartments to all industrious scholars, where the subjects of their studies were discussed with much freedom, and both masters and disciples met and contested with one another the palm of wit and eloquence. The distinguished citizens joined in these assemblies, or gave entertainments themselves, where the same discussions were renewed. The students, also, were of all classes, and yet mingled with these re-unions on terms of equality and liberty. Opinions were started, passages and sentences from ancient and modern authors, new discoveries in art or science, compositions in prose and verse, were submitted to the criticisms of the assembled company. The most celebrated champions undertook opposite sides in the arguments. Poems were read, canto after canto, or stanza after stanza, as they were written; improvements in the past, suggestions for the future, were freely

and attentively discussed, and thankfully received. The lecturers and professors, as of old in Athens, in gardens of Academus, or the Stoic Porch, and afterwards in early Christian times, when the Basils and Gregories resorted to that city, contested, with the keenest rivalry and jealousy, who should attract the most numerous and most renowned disciples. If the antagonist parties met in the streets, they could not refrain from open and violent disputes: sometimes they came to blows; daggers even were drawn, and blood shed.

This was evidently not a place calculated to stifle the aspirations of poetical genius. Accordingly we find, that "there was hardly any study, except that for which he was intended, which he did not follow with the greatest zeal and ardour, for he was a proficient even in mathematics." He formed many friendships at Padua, as he had, indeed, done even earlier in life. Some of his intimates were highly distinguished by birth and talents, and, in after days of misfortune, proved very serviceable to him. It was at Padua, when only eighteen years of age, and amid a multiplicity of studies, and other compositions, that he produced his first epic poem, "The Rivaldo." It has never attained to great celebrity, and is chiefly remarkable for the elegance of the versification. It was with difficulty that he obtained his father's consent to its publication. BERNARDO "felt instinctively that his son was launching amidst 'the calamities of authors.'" But Nature would assert herself, and then began with TORQUATO TASSO the old story of genius and misfortune. But a brief and brilliant space was to intervene before the commencement of his suffering.

In the November of 1562, TASSO exchanged the University of Padua for that of Bologna. The Roman Court was anxious to restore this University which had fallen somewhat into decay, to its pristine glory and pre-eminence. TASSO, as a renowned student, was invited thither, and private reasons, combined with the very flattering compliment to his talents inferred by the invitation, decided him to accept it. It was at Bologna that he commenced the composition of the "Jerusalem Delivered," although he had already, at Padua, conceived the idea of his great poem. He remained at Bologna, however, but a short time, having taken offence, because, on the suspicion that he was the author of a pasquinade levelled against various persons of note in the place, his papers had been seized and examined in his absence from home. He returned again to Padua, where he was welcomed with universal acclamations. It was with great exultation, that BERNARDO TASSO witnessed the evidence of his son's renown, and read the commencement of his great poem. His pleasure was only damped by the foresight for his son, of the same dependant, courtier-life, which he had, in his own case, found so unsatisfactory. Making, however, a virtue of necessity, he obtained for him an appointment among the gentlemen of the Cardinal LUIGI D'ESTE, younger brother of ALFONSO II., Duke of Ferrara.

Torquato, therefore, full of youthful hope, and an ardent thirst for distinction, his vivid imagination glowing with the brightest day-dreams, bade a tender farewell to his college companions and friends, especially his beloved host, Pepia Gonzaga, and departed amidst the general regret of the whole University, and, revisiting first his father at Mantua, where he fell ill, but speedily recovered, arrived, toward the end of October, A.D. 1565 at the Court of Ferrara, ordained to be the scene of his unrivalled success, and then of his unrivaled oppression and affliction.

C. D.

(To be continued.)

The Life and Correspondence of the late Robert Southey. By his Son, the Rev. C.C. SOUTHEY. Vol. 2. London: Longman and Co. 1850.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

SOUTHY found the Irish to be just as we find them now. This is his portrait of them.

IRISHMEN.

Their love of "fun" eternally engages them in mischievous combinations, which are eternally baffled by their own blessed instinct of blundering. The united Irishmen must have obtained possession of Dublin but for a bull. On the night appointed, the mail coach was to be stopped and burnt, about a mile from town, and that was the signal; the lamplighters were in the plot; and oh! to be sure! the hones would not light a lamp in Dublin that evening, for fear the people should see what was going on. Of course alarm was taken, and all the mischief prevented. Modesty characterises them as much here as on the other side of the water. A man stopped Rickman yesterday,—"I'll be obliged to you, sir, if you'll please to ask Mr. Abbot to give me a place of sixty or seventy pounds a year." Favours, indeed, are asked here with as unblushing and obstinate a perseverance as in Portugal. This is the striking side of the picture—the dark colours that first strike a stranger; their good qualities you cannot so soon discover. Genius, indeed, immediately appears to characterise them; a love of saying good things—which 999 Englishmen in a thousand never dream of attempting in the course of their lives. When Lord Hardwicke came over, there fell a fine rain, the first after a long series of dry weather; a servant of Dr. Lindsay's heard an Irishman call to his comrade in the street—"Ho, Pat! and we shall have a riot"—of course, a phrase to quicken an Englishman's hearing—"this rain will breed a riot—the little potatoes will be pushing out the big ones."

Did I send, in my last, the noble bull that Rickman heard? He was late in company, when a gentleman looked at his watch, and cried, "It is to-morrow morning—I must wish you good night."

His mother died on the 6th of January 1802, and her death was deeply felt. His letters about this time show the effect upon his mind of this bereavement.

Quitting his official duties in Dublin he took up his abode in Bristol, undertaking, in conjunction with Mr. COTTE, to bring out an edition of CHATTERTON'S works, with a memoir of the unfortunate poet. While there, he thus addressed COLERIDGE.

Your Essays on Contemporaries I am not much afraid of the imprudence of, because I have no expectation that they will ever be written; but if you were to write, the scheme projected upon the old poets would be a better scheme, because more certain of sale, and in the execution nothing invidious. Besides, your sentence would fall with greater weight upon the dead: however impartial you may be, those who do not read your books will think your opinion the result of your personal attachments, and that very belief will prevent numbers from reading it. Again, there are some of these living poets to whom you could not fail of giving serious pain; Hayley, in particular,—and everything about that man is good except his poetry. Bloomfield I saw in London, and an interesting man he is—even more than you would expect. I have reviewed his poems with the express object of serving him; because if his fame keeps up to another volume, he will have made money enough to support him comfortably in the country: but in a work of criticism how could you bring him to the touchstone? and to lessen his reputation is to mar his fortune.

We shall probably agree altogether some day upon Wordsworth's Lyrical Poems. Does he not associate more feeling with particular phrases, and you also with him, than those phrases can convey to any one else? This I suspect. Who would part with a ring of a dead friend's hair? and yet a jeweller will give for it only the value of the gold: and so must words pass for their current value.

I saw a number of notorious people after you left London. Mrs. Inchbald,—an odd woman, but I like

her. Campbell . . . who spoke of old Scotch ballads with contempt! Fuseli . . . Flaxman, whose touch is better than his feeling. Bowles . . . Walter Whiter, who wanted to convert me to believe in Rowley. Perkins, the Tractorist,* a demure-looking rogue. Dr. Busby!—oh! what a Dr. Busby—the great musician! the greater than Handel! who is to be the husband of St. Cecilia in his seraph state . . . and he set at me with a dead compliment! Lastly, Barry, the painter: poor fellow! he is too mad and too miserable to laugh at.

In September of that year his first child was born, a daughter, whom he called MARGARET, and he now entered into a treaty for a house in the vale of Neath, Glamorganshire, and he thus, in a letter to MR. BEDFORD, anticipates his enjoyments there.

Snakes have been pets in England; is it not Cowley who has a poem upon one?

"Take heed, fair Eve, you do not make
Another tempter of the snake."

They ought to be tamed and taken into our service, for snakes eat mice and can get into their holes after them; and, in our country, the venomous species is so rare, that we should think them beautiful animals were it not for the recollection of the old serpent. When I am housed and homed (as I shall be, or hope to be, in the next spring; not that the negotiation is over yet, but I expect it will end well, and that I shall have a house in the loveliest part of South Wales, in a vale between high mountains; and an anonymous house too, Grosvenor, and one that is down in the map of Glamorganshire, and its name is Maes Gwyn; and so much for that, and there's an end of my parenthesis), then do I purpose to enter into a grand confederacy with certain of the animal world: every body has a dog and most people have a cat; but I will have, moreover, an otter, and teach him to fish, for there is salmon in the river Neath (and I should like a hawk, but that is only a vain hope, and a gull or an osprey to fish in the sea), and I will have a snake if Edith will let me, and I will have a toad to catch flies, and it shall be made murder to kill a spider in my domains: then Grosvenor, when you come to visit me,—N.B., you will arrive p^r mail between five and six in the morning at Neath; ergo, you will find me at breakfast about seven,—you will see puss on the one side, and the otter on the other, both looking for bread and milk, and Margery in her little great chair, and the toad upon the tea-table, and the snake twisting up the leg of the table to look for his share,

In a subsequent letter to the same friend he describes his present and past pursuits and prospects.

Your letter was unusually interesting, and dwells upon my mind. I could, and perhaps will some day, write an eclogue upon leaving an old place of residence. What you say of yourself impresses upon me still more deeply the conviction, that the want of favourite pursuit is your greatest source of discomfort and discontent. It is the pleasure of pursuit that makes every man happy; whether the merchant, or the sportsman, or the collector, the philobibl, or the reader-o-bibl, and maker-o-bibl, like me,—pursuit at once supplies employment and hope. This is what I have often preached to you, but perhaps I never told you what benefit I myself derived from resolute employment. When Joan of Arc was in the press, I had as many legitimate causes for unhappiness as any man need have,—uncertainty for the future, and immediate want, in the literal and plain meaning of the word. I often walked the streets at dinner-time for want of a dinner, when I had not eighteen-pence for the ordinary, nor bread and cheese at my lodgings. But do not suppose that I thought of my dinner when I was walking—my head was full of what I was composing: when I lay down at night I was planning my poem; and when I rose up in the morning the poem was the first thought to which I was awake. The scanty profits of that poem I was then anticipating in my lodging-house bills for tea, bread and butter, and those little &c. which amount to a formidable sum when a man has no resources; but that poem, faulty as it is, has given me a Baxter's shove into my right place in the world.

* This alludes to Perkins's Magnetic Tractors.

So much for the practical effects of Epictetus, to whom I hold myself indebted for much amendment of character. Now, when I am not comparatively, but positively a happy man, wishing little, and wanting nothing,—my delight is the certainty that, while I have health and eyesight, I can never want a pursuit to interest. Subject after subject is chalked out. In hand I have Kehama, Madoc, and a voluminous history; and I have planned more poems and more histories; so that whenever I am removed to another state of existence, there will be some *valde lacrymabile hiatus* in some of my posthumous works.

Here we have COLERIDGE's first conceptions of the grand scheme, afterwards sought to be carried out in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*. It shows the greatness of his conceptions.

I write now to propose a scheme, or rather a rude outline of a scheme, of your grand work. What harm can a proposal do? If it be no pain to you to reject it, it will be none to me to have it rejected. I would have the work entitled *Bibliotheca Britannica*, or an History of British Literature, bibliographical, biographical, and critical. The two last volumes I would have to be a chronological catalogue of all noticeable or extant books; the others, be the number six or eight, to consist entirely of separate treatises, each giving a critical bibliographical history of some one subject. I will, with great pleasure, join you in learning Welsh and Erse: and you, I, Turner, Owen, might dedicate ourselves for the first half year to a complete history of all Welsh, Saxon, and Erse books that are not translations, that are the native growth of Britain. If the Spanish neutrality continues, I will go in October or November to Biscay, and throw light on the Basque.

Let the next volume contain the history of English poetry and poets, in which I would include all prose truly poetical. The first half of the second volume should be dedicated to great single names, Chaucer and Spenser, Shakespere, Milton and Taylor, Dryden and Pope; the poetry of witty logic,—Swift, Fielding, Richardson, Sterne: I write *par hazard*, but I mean to say all great names as have either formed epochs in our taste, or such, at least, as are representative; and the great object to be in each instance to determine, first, the true merits and demerits of the books; secondly, what of these belong to the age—what to the author *quasi peculium*. The second half of the second volume should be a history of poetry and romances, everywhere interspersed with biography, but more flowing, more consecutive, more bibliographical, chronological, and complete. The third volume I would have dedicated to English prose, considered as to style, as to eloquence, as to general impressiveness; a history of styles and manners, their causes, their birth places and parentage, their analysis.

These three volumes would be so generally interesting, so exceedingly entertaining, that you might bid fair for sale of the work at large. Then let the fourth volume take up the history of metaphysics, theology, medicine, alchemy, common, canon, and Roman law, from Alfred to Henry VII.; in other words, a history of the dark ages in Great Britain. The fifth volume—carry on metaphysics and ethics to the present day in the first half; the second half, comprise the theology of all the reformers. In the fourth volume there would be a grand article on the philosophy of the theology of the Roman Catholic religion. In this (fifth volume), under different names,—Hooker, Baxter, Biddle, and Fox,—the spirit of the theology of all the other parts of Christianity. The sixth and seventh volumes must comprise all the articles you can get, on all the separate arts and sciences that have been treated of in books since the Reformation; and, by this time, the book, if it answered at all, would have gained so high a reputation, that you need not fear having whom you liked to write the different articles—medicine, surgery, chemistry, &c. &c., navigation, travellers, voyagers, &c. &c. If I go into Scotland, shall I engage Walter Scott to write the history of Scottish poets? Tell me, however, what you think of the plan. It would have one prodigious advantage: whatever accident stopped the work, would only prevent the future good, not mar the past; each volume would be a great and valuable work *per se*. Then each volume would awaken a new interest, a new set of readers, who would buy the past volumes of course; then it would allow you ample time

and opportunities for the slavery of the catalogue volumes, which should be at the same time an index to the work, which would be, in very truth, a pandect of knowledge, alive and swarming with human life, feeling, incident. By the by, what a strange abuse has been made of the word *encyclopedia*! It signifies, properly, grammar, logic, rhetoric, and ethics and metaphysics, which last, explaining the ultimate principles of grammar—log., rhet., and eth.—formed a circle of knowledge. To call a huge unconnected miscellany of the *omne scibile*, in an arrangement determined by the accident of initial letters, an *encyclopedia*, is the impudent ignorance of your Presbyterian bookmakers. Good night!

Soon after this he lost his little girl, and the shock was almost more than he could bear, and then he removed to Keswick. From his correspondence during this interval we take the following passages:

A MOUNTAIN SCENE.

I have seen a sight, more dreamy and wonderful, than any scenery that fancy ever yet devised for Faeryland. We had walked down to the lake side; it was a delightful day, the sun shining, and a few white clouds hanging motionless in the sky. The opposite shore of Derwentwater consists of one long mountain, which suddenly terminates in an arch, thus—and through that opening you see a long valley between mountains, and bounded by mountain beyond mountain; to the right of the arch the heights are more varied and of greater elevation. Now, as there was not a breath of air stirring, the surface of the lake was so perfectly still, that it became one great mirror, and all its waters disappeared; the whole line of shore was represented as vividly and steadily as it existed in its actual being—the arch, the vale within, the single houses far within the vale, the smoke from their chimneys, the farthest hills, and the shadow and substance joined at their bases so indissolubly, that you could make no separation even in your judgment. As I stood on the shore, heaven and the clouds seemed lying under me; I was looking down into the sky, and the whole range of mountains, having one line of summits under my feet, and another above me, seemed to be suspended between the firmaments. Shut your eyes and dream of a scene so unnatural and so beautiful. What I have said is most strictly and scrupulously true; but it was one of those happy moments that can seldom occur, for the least breath stirring would have shaken the whole vision, and at once unrealized it. I have before seen a partial appearance, but never before did, and perhaps never again may, lose sight of the lake entirely; for it literally seemed like an abyss of sky before me, not fog and clouds from a mountain, but the blue heaven spotted with a few fleecy pillows of cloud, that looked placed there for angels to rest upon them.

Under date of June 27, 1804, we find this sketch of

LIFE AT THE LAKES.

The lakers and the fine weather have made their appearance together. As yet we have only seen Sharpe, whose name I know not if you will remember; he is an intimate of Tiffin, or Muffin, whose name you cannot forget; and, like him, an excellent talker; knowing every body, remembering every thing, and having strong talents besides. Davy is somewhere on the road; he is recovering from the ill effects of fashionable society, which had warped him. Rickman told me his mind was in a healthier tone than usual, and I was truly rejoiced to find it so. Wordsworth came over to see me on my return, and John Thelwall, the lecturer on elocution, dined with us on his travels. But the greatest event of Greta Hall is, that we have had a jack of two-and-twenty pounds, which we bought at threepence a pound. It was caught in the lake with a hook and line. We dressed it in pieces, like salmon, and it proved, without exception, one of the finest fish I had ever tasted; so if ever you catch such a one, be sure you boil it instead of roasting it in the usual way. I am in excellent good health, and have got rid of my sore eyes,—for how long God knows. The disease, it seems, came from Egypt, and is in some mysterious manner contagious, so that we have naturalised another curse.

Madoc is in the printer's hands—Ballantyne, of Edinburgh, who printed the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish border*,—if you remember the book. Next week I expect the first proof. Do not be frightened to hear after this that I have not done a stroke further in correcting and filling up the MSS. since my return. Reviewing is coming round again; I have a parcel upon the road, and groan in spirit at the prospect; not but of all trades it is the least irksome, and the most like my own favourite pursuits, which it certainly must, in a certain degree, assist, as well as, in point of time, retard. There is much of mine in the second volume*, and of my best; some of which you will discover, and some perhaps not. A sixth of the whole is mine;—pretty hard work. I get on bravely with my history, and have about three quarto volumes done,—quartos as they ought to be, of about 500 *honest* pages each. It does me good to see what a noble pile my boards make.

THE PUBLICATION OF MADOC.

Madoc has reached Keswick. I am sorry to see Snowdon uniformly mis-spelt, by what unaccountable blunder I know not. It is a beautiful book, but I repent having printed it in quarto. By its high price, one half the edition is condemned to be furniture in expensive libraries, and the other to collect cobwebs in the publishers' warehouses. I foresee that I shall get no solid pudding by it; the loss on the first edition will eat up the profits of the second, if the publishers, as I suppose they will, should print a second while the quarto hangs upon hand. However, after sixteen years it is pleasant, as well as something melancholy, to see it, as I do now for the first time, in the shape of a book. Many persons will read it with pleasure, probably no one with more than you; for whatever worth it may have, you will feel, that had it not been for you, it could never possibly have existed. It is easy to quit the pursuit of fortune for fame; but had I been obliged to work for the necessary comforts instead of the superfluities of life, I must have sunk as others have done before me. Interrupted just when I did not wish it, for it is twilight—just light enough to see that the pon travels straight, and I am tired with a walk from Grasmere, and was in a mood for letter-writing;—but there is a gentleman from Malta with letters from Cagliari.

E. W. C.

PHILOSOPHY.

Emerson's Representative Men (Bohn's Shilling Series.) **INDEFATIGABLE** Mr. BOHN promises a shilling series, of which this edition of Emerson's new work is a fair earnest. In typography it is very superior to either of its competitors, and if Mr. BOHN displays the same good taste and sound judgment in selecting for this as for his more extensive libraries, he will command for it the same preference with the public. The work itself we have already copiously reviewed.

SCIENCE.

The Geography of Great Britain. By GEORGE LONG, M.A., late Professor of Classics at University College, and GEORGE R. PORTER, Esq., Secretary to the Board of Trade. Part I. England and Wales. London: Baldwin.

We are glad to learn that it is intended by Mr. BALDWIN to complete the design of the Library of Useful Knowledge, which, although the progenitor of the cheap literature that distinguishes our age, was certainly superior in quality to any that have come after it. When the society ceased to publish, and was virtually dissolved, many of its works were left unfinished, the volume before us being one of them. It is now, perhaps, supposed that the experience of the succeeding years will have satisfied the public that they have "gone further and fared worse;" that there has been nothing to compare in practical utility and substantial information with "*The Library of Useful Knowledge*," and that, therefore, it might not be a bad speculation to resume it, with a view to its completion, upon the scale originally designed. The first work in which this renewed progress has been made is well-selected, with a view to interest the greatest number of persons. The geography of our own country is probably that of which our countrymen know least, and

possess in their libraries the least copious and satisfactory information. A complete treatise upon it, by such justly-famed writers as Mr. LONG and Mr. PORTER, cannot fail to be eagerly welcomed, and more especially in the counting-house of the merchant, where the copious facts and figures compressed into this volume will be found to be in continual requisition for reference. The statistical division, written by Mr. PORTER is the most copious, and from the advantages his position gives him, the most correct of any that we possess relating to the resources, the productions, the trade, the taxation, the education, and the progress of the kingdom; while Mr. LONG's description of the counties, cities and towns, their aspect, antiquities and products, are not merely of the utility of a gazetteer, but agreeable reading, and the very copious index enables the inquirer to find in a moment the information he seeks respecting any particular place or topic.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Potato: an Essay on its Constitution, Diseases, Varieties, Cultivation, and Uses, &c. By the Rev. JOHN M. WILSON. Edinburgh: Fullarton. 1850.

A LEARNED but yet thoroughly practical inquiry into the natural history of the potato, and what may be termed its physiology, including its diseases and its cultivation. Of course, the strange blight, which has produced so much misery to the human race, forms a prominent topic of investigation, and Mr. Wilson has carefully collected all the evidence upon the subject, and the opinions of the most distinguished persons who have treated of it. He has also minutely reviewed, with the help of chemical science, the practices which prevail in different localities with respect to manuring the potato. To the numerous cultivators of this indispensable vegetable, this little pamphlet will be an interesting and probably a profitable acquisition.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Pillars of Hercules; a Narrative of Travels in Spain and Morocco in 1848. By D. URQUHART, Esq., M.P. In 2 vols.

MR. URQUHART first made himself notorious by a sort of monomaniac fear of Russia, which, spite of its absurdity, he succeeded, by dint of earnestness and exertion, in infusing into a considerable section of the community. He wrote in Reviews; he published travels; he edited a periodical called "*The Portfolio*," and, because Lord PALMERSTON turned a deaf ear to his ravings, he swore vengeance against the noble lord; and when he obtained admittance to the House of Commons through a constituency who had been imposed upon by his professions of statesmanship, his first act was to cover himself with the immortality of ridicule produced by his famous motion for impeachment, which expired amid shouts of laughter, and from that time forth Mr. URQUHART was neither seen nor heard. But although silenced he was not idle. Blighted in the bud of his political career, he appears to have betaken himself to the harmless amusement of travelling and making notes, which he has printed for the edification of the English public, who may possibly be induced to peruse his travels if they will not read his speeches. And he is right. The tourist is not so dull as the debater, nor quite so grievous a twaddler; but nevertheless the two volumes might have been reduced to one, and not a word worth preserving would have been thereby lost to the world. Something new and interesting must of course be expected in so many pages relating to a country of which little is known; but there is scarcely enough to compensate the labour of toiling through the whole. As to buying such a book, only he who has money to spare could be advised to do so by any honest reviewer.

* Of the Annual Review.

Nevertheless, Mr. URQUHART has exhibited learning and industry, and his theme is almost a new one; so he shall speak for himself, and we will deal with him most fairly by selecting the best passages we can find as specimens of his style, and of the sort of information he picked up during his trip to Spain and Morocco; confining our extracts to the notes on the latter country, as the least known. We will first present his sketch of

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

I find it was not the Sultan who went to the mosque last Friday, but his son. To-day I saw the real potestate overshadowed by the Sherifian umbrella. He wore a green sulam, with a white sash or turban bound over it, which had a most singular effect. The umbrella was carried by a horseman on his left. The umbrella is of the ordinary size, but the spokes are straight. It is covered with crimson velvet, and has a depending fringe or border. Two men carried before him long lances upright, to spear on the spot, as I was told, whomever he might point out for that purpose. I could distinguish through my glass his broad Mulatto features, as he inclined right and left to the saluting crowd. As for two Fridays, he has not been to mosque, his appearance to day, and his look of health, have occasioned great rejoicings. Selam said to me, "Moors not like English—look much to king.—English king die; no troubles Gibraltar, Malta—Moorish king die; all cut one another's throats."

Muley Abderachman has reigned twenty-three years. He had been employed both as governor and minister, and was assiduous and incorruptible. He was originally a merchant of Larache, where the loss of a cargo first made him known to the late Sultan, his uncle, and he gave him, in consequence, the government of Mogadore. His conduct in that post induced the Sultan to appoint him his successor, as being worthier to reign than any of his own sons, he was not, however, seated on the throne without bloodshed, and the commencement of his reign was marked with severity. His authority once established, his previous mildness reappeared. He is fond of money, and no one ever knew better how to gratify that taste; but his word is inviolable, and he is no less orderly than upright, in his commercial dealings, which extend to every portion of his kingdom. Wise in small matters, he is foolish in great ones; and his merits render tolerable, or his astuteness sustains, the false and ruinous commercial system he has introduced.

The mountain Breber tribes recognize the authority, but do not admit the interference, of the Sultans of Morocco. His power over the tribes of the plain, whether Breber or Arab, apparently severe, and sometimes terrible, is unequal and precarious: when he punishes, it is by abandoning the tribe to the vengeance of some neighbouring and rival clan. Such a state of things seems to be as befitting for the exercise of his talents, as his talents for adjusting them to his own satisfaction.

Summary conviction and execution, is the law of Morocco.

MOORISH JUSTICE.

During my absence, two daring crimes have been committed: a Shereff stole one of the Sultan's horses from the midst of the camp. The Sultan sentenced him to lose his head. He then put in the plea of his birth. "Then," said the Sultan, "cut off his right hand, that he may be disabled from disgracing his blood in this way in future." There is no executioner; the butchers are bound to perform this duty. The chief Jewish and chief Mussulman butcher being called, they offered for a substitute by a sort of public auction; the crier commencing in this way—"Who will cut off a head? (or a hand) "for a dollar?—one dollar offered;" and thus they ran up and down the street. No one offering, they increased the bid to two, three dollars, &c. When they had arrived at two doublons (7d. 10s.), a tall black stepped forward and said, "That is my price." A tub of tar was brought; the black hacked off the hand in a hurry, and, on dipping the stump into the tar, it proved to be cold. He had, however, bound the arm before the amputation; and they ran to the neighbouring blacksmith's shop for embers, which they threw into the tar, and, setting it on fire, the stump was then plunged in,

and so scorched and burnt. The Shereff was then let go.

In the other case, the culprit, a man from the interior, had killed a lad who was ploughing, and carried off his cattle. The Sultan said to the mother of the lad, "Excuse his life, and take one hundred dollars;" she said, "I want the life of him who took the life of my son." The Sultan three times repeated his question, doubling his offer: she said, "I ask what the law gives me, and that law you are Sultan to execute." The culprit was led out to execution: the head, as we returned, was on the market-gate, and the dogs swarmed round the carcass.

One of the plagues of Morocco is,

THE SAINTS.

It is impossible to conclude this subject of government without mention of the saints. What constitutes a saint no one can tell; they are of both sexes and all ages, of every class and rank, from the madman to the philosopher, from the fanatic to the infidel, and from the mischievous and wicked to the humane and benevolent. I met a man with wool on his head, and a long stave in his hand, chanting forth a ditty at the top of his strained voice. This was a saint, and the soldiers made me move aside, for fear he should make a rush at me. They took the man for a madman; he was none. There was some time ago at Tangier, a female saint, who went about entirely naked; every morning she took from the market-people wood, and laying it in a circle made a fire and seated herself in the middle. There are respectable families where saintship is hereditary: these bury the saints when they die, in their own houses. In these saints are to be found traces at once of the asceticism of early Christianity, which had its birth in Africa, and of those practices which, in the still earlier times of Polytheism, rendered Africa a scandal and wonder to the rest of the world.

One of the best and most interesting parts of the work is Mr. URQUHART's description of the famous interesting plant,

THE HASHISH.

It appears as the *potomantes* of the Indus, the *gelotaphys* of Bactria, the *achemenes* of the Persians, the *ophisins* of Ethiopia, the *nepenthes* of the Greeks. The apparently contradictory qualities ascribed to these may all be found in the hashish: like the opium, it recalls consciousness of the past and inordinate fears, on account of which it was given as a punishment to those who had committed sacrilege; but, above all, it brings too that forgetfulness for which Helen administered to Telemachus the *nepenthes*, and which no doubt she had learned in Egypt. Equally does it become a poison which absorbs all others. It will explain the incantations of Circe, and the mysteries of the cave of Trophonius. When taken without suspicion, its effects would appear as the workings within themselves of the divinity. It goes some way to account for the long endurance of a religious imposture, so slightly wove and so incessantly rebelled against. Here was a means at the disposal of the priest, diviner, and thaumaturgist, and beyond all appeals to the mere imagination. The epithets which the Hindoo apply to their *bangue* might equally serve for the hashish—"assuager of sorrow," "increaser of pleasure," "cementer of friendship," "laughter-mover." Bangue, however, when often repeated, "is followed by catalepsy, or that insensibility which enables the body to be moulded into any position, like a Dutch jointed-doll, in which the limbs are made in the position in which they are placed, and this state will continue for many hours.

He resolved to try its effects upon himself. The experiment is thus narrated:

In a very short time he becomes so insensible that he seems intoxicated, or deprived of life. Then, according as the case may be, the operations are performed, of amputations, &c., and the cause of the malady is removed. Subsequently, the tissues are brought together by sutures, and liniments are employed. After some days the patient is restored to health, without having felt, during the operation, the least pain.

I was led to take an interest in this plant from the following circumstance. A lady, suffering from spasms, arising from an affection of the spine, had obtained some years ago a small portion of hashish (at the time a name

unknown), when all other narcotics had failed: it afforded her an almost miraculous relief. Medical men had been applied to in India to procure the bangue, but it failed. The hemp of England had been tried in vain. I wrote to Mr. Lane, then in Egypt, requesting him to obtain some, but he found it a disgraceful thing to make inquiries on the subject. All these endeavours ended in disappointment. Still I remained satisfied that there was such a plant. At Tangier, I observed a diminutive pipe, about the size of a thimble; I asked what kind of tobacco they were smoking. I was answered *kef* (literally, enjoyment)—it was the hashish. I found that it was also taken inwardly. Either the leaves are swallowed with water, after being crushed, or it is prepared, and boiled with sugar, or honey, and butter, like horehound, a great variety of seeds and spices entering into the composition, which is thus said to vary in its effects, and to be gifted also with medicinal powers. This preparation is the majoun. Its effects were described as those of the laughing gas, except that, instead of a few minutes, it lasts for many hours. Some cry, some laugh, some fall into drowsy listlessness; some are rendered talkative and funny. They see visions, imagine themselves reduced to poverty, or become emperors and commanders of armies, the natural disposition predominating in the derangement. Men under its influence were pointed out to me in the streets. They walked along with fixed eyes, heedless of all around them. Some take it daily in small quantities, producing, as one of them described to me, "a comfortable state of mind," without appearing to impair the general health. Under its influence the mouth is parched, it is not in their power to spit. Their eyes become red and small. They are ravenous for food. Everything that one hears of it has the air of fable: and I should have been inclined to treat it as such, but for the evidence of my own senses.

Finding that I could not understand from description either the mode of preparing it, or the effects, I determined to get those who were accustomed to make it to bring the materials, and prepare it before me, and then to try it myself, and on as many others as I could. I was so engaged for a week after my return to Rabat, for I had successively the three most noted confectioners to try their skill against each other. They have not a regular or uniform process, and the majoun is consequently of very unequal strength and efficacy. Our first attempts were failures. The first proof of the success of our preparation was in the case of a young English clergyman, to whom some of it had been given as a sweetmeat. Some hours passed without any visible effects, when a musician, who had the faculty of strangely distorting his features, came in, dressed as a mummer. The Englishman took him for the devil, and a most laughable scene ensued. Next morning, on inquiries after his health, he said he had slept soundly and agreeably, "as the windows and doors were bolted." Later in the day the effect disappeared entirely, and he seemed to recollect the circumstances with a confused pleasure, describing various things that had never happened.

The first time I took it was about seven in the morning, and in an hour and a half afterwards I perceived a heaviness of the head, wandering of the mind, and an apprehension that I was going to faint. I thence passed into a state of half trance, from which I awoke suddenly, and much refreshed. The impression was that of wandering out of myself. I had two beings, and there were two distinct, yet concurrent trains of ideas.

Images came floating before me—not the figures of a dream, but those that seem to play before the eye when it is closed, and with those figures were strangely mixed the sounds of a guitar that was being played in the adjoining room; the sounds seemed to cluster in and pass away with the figures on the retina. The music of the wretched performance was heavenly, and seemed to proceed from a full orchestra, and to be reverberated through long halls of mountains. These figures and sounds were again connected with metaphysical reflections, which also, like the sounds, clustered themselves into trains of thought, which seemed to take form before my eyes, and weave themselves with the colours and sounds. I was following a train of reasoning: new points would occur, and concurrently there was a figure before me, throwing out corresponding shoots like a zinc tree; and then, as the moving figures reappeared, or as the sounds caught my ear, the other classes of figures came out distinctly, and danced through each other.

The reasonings were long and elaborate: and, though the impression of having gone through them remains, every effort has been in vain to recall them.

Mr. URQUHART has taken some trouble at times to reproduce his large stores of knowledge relating to the history, customs, and people of the East. The following will probably be new to most of our readers; at least, we do not remember before to have met with an account of the *system* of the

THE GOVERNMENT OF MOROCCO.

Morocco is isolated from the world: on the west an unapproachable coast; on the east and south an impassable desert. It has no neighbours except the Regency of Algiers. Its standing policy was to be at war with Europe. Muley Ismael, visiting Tetuan, addressed the body of counsel who had come to compliment him, in these words, "It is my pleasure to be at war with all Christendom, except England and Ragusa." Yet they made treaties with the merchants of the states with which they were not figuratively, but really, at war. M. Chenier, who was French consul fifty years ago at Tangier, has written the best work upon Morocco. He confined its foreign relations to Algiers; it is with reference to that regency, that he calculated its military force. He esteems Morocco the weaker of the two, and in danger from Algiers. The Turks had invaded Morocco from Algiers, and they once placed a sovereign on the throne of Fez, but that was long ago. Foreign relations had been to them a novelty, which they ought not to be, seeing that the princes of this land formerly assumed the lofty title of Emir al Moslemim; that they have never ceased to claim the chieftainship of the Arab race, and have never condescended to sign a treaty with the sultans of Constantinople. Holding the Turks as usurpers of the Caliphate, and intruders in Africa, they stand in an anomalous position: they are Sunnis who opposed the claims of Ali, and their royal house derives, or pretends to derive, its origin from Ali. Muley Abderachman has, however, shown no sign, in dealing with the foreign difficulties that have befallen him, of that dexterity which he has evinced in domestic matters. In listening to the details of his weakness and pusillanimity, as shown on recent occasions, I have been reminded of Louis Philippe.

The feature in the administration of this country, or rather reign, is the private dealing of the emperor with the merchants. He remits to them duties, and makes loans of money without interest. He allows them to export and import without paying the duties in ready money, and they go on in the face of an accumulating debt, speculating on credit. The goods are bought and sold at what would be a loss, if the taxes were accounted for; and when any one of them is unable to meet his engagements, he has only to go to the emperor and borrow, and thus again heap up the mass of engagements he never can meet. He is encouraged by the knowledge that the emperor never calls a creditor to account—the settlement comes only on his dying day. It is not trifling sums that are at stake. The debt of the English agent at Mogadore is between forty and fifty thousand pounds.

These concessions of credit, the loans of money and the granting of permits, and monopolies, are managed, not with a view to the pecuniary interests of the sovereign, but for political ends. By these means he paralyzes all resistance to his illegal taxes on trade in the cities whose business these imposts are considered to be. This ledger management of a nation is an effort of genius worthy of Mehemet Ali.

The *fons molorum*, here, as elsewhere, is the customs' duties. They have everywhere been introduced by evasion and fraud; for, until a people is familiarised with them, they are too monstrous and wicked to be argued about. In Mussulman countries the task has been more difficult than with us, as there is no church property with which to bribe public assemblies, and taxes on commerce are expressly prohibited by the code at once of religion and government. A people so tenacious of old customs as the Moors, and so little disposed to imitate Europe, were not easily brought under on such a point, and their recent history affords two instances of revolts occasioned by illegal taxation. The first revolt was in 1774, when the principal citizens of Fez (an unprotected city) thus addressed the Sultan, Sidi Mahomet:

In conclusion, we present the novel and curious description of

THE JEWS OF BARBARY.

The Jews of Barbary look down upon the Jews of Christendom, whom they call *Ers Edom*. A rabbi, referring to the conversion of the rich, said, "We have only to undergo the temptations of poverty and danger—they have to endure those of ease and wealth."

They tax themselves for the Holy Land to the amount of one half their tax to the Moorish Government. I saw one of their collectors from Jerusalem, who told me that their people in Morocco amounted to one million.

The Jews are the only portion of the people not, therefore, subject to the haratch, or poll-tax; *they do not pay it*. This fact entirely confirms what I have said respecting the original conquest. The tax now paid by the Jews is of modern introduction; formerly, they presented to the sovereign a golden hen, with twelve chickens in enamelled work, and this was their quit rent. At Tunis and Tripoli they do so still. The vexations to which they are subject are of this nature:—A son of the Sultan being resident here, and, for a time, really the governor, sent to them a young lion to keep, directing that a certain quantity of meat should be given him daily, and fixing four hundred dollars as his *weir geldt* in case of death. The Jews supplied him so plentifully, that he died of indigestion. The prince then sent a hyena, fixing six pounds of beef, "besides the bones," as his daily allowance, and settling his head money at one thousand dollars. The Jews began again by giving him ten pounds, "besides the bones." The prince was, however, soon after disgraced and imprisoned, and the Jews since then have led a quiet life.

They are subject to blows from any one and every one, and the occasion is afforded by every holy place, where the shoes have to be taken off. Still, I have not remarked that they suffer much. Up to the present time, I have not seen a Jew beaten or insulted, and I have witnessed on several occasions their reception by Moors of the first rank, in which it would have been impossible, but for the dress, to have known the difference. Besides, the Moors are not proficients in the art of "self-defence," and could not plant a blow if they set about it.

At a Jewish marriage I was standing beside the bridegroom when the bride entered; as she crossed the threshold, he stooped down and slipped off his shoe, and struck her with the heel on the nape of the neck. I at once saw the interpretation of the passage in scripture, respecting the transfer of the shoe to another, in case the brother-in-law did not exercise his privilege.

The slipper in the East being taken off in-doors, or if not, left outside the apartment, is placed at the edge of the small carpets upon which you sit, and is at hand to administer correction, and is here used in sign of the obedience of the wife, and of the supremacy of the husband. The Highland custom is to strike for "good luck," as they say, the bride with an old slipper. Little do they suspect the meaning implied. The regalia of Morocco is enriched with a pair of embroidered slippers, which are, or used to be, carried before the Sultan, as amongst us the sceptre or sword of state.

This superstition of the old slipper reminds me of another. In the Highlands the great festivity is the ushering in of the new year. The moment is watched for with the utmost anxiety; every one then rushes into the streets, with posset in hand, embracing whoever he meets, and shouting "Hymenah!" This word has puzzled the traveller and the antiquary; it was the very word which the Greeks repeated, no more knowing its meaning than the Highlander: Hymenea or Hymeneau! and out of which come *Hymen*, *Hynn*, &c. *Menah* was Jesboal among the Sabaeans, from minah or minik, fortifications, the procession going round the walls. *Men* is habitation in Egyptian and Coptic—*minith* contracted to *met* is the name for a village in Egypt: it is preserved in the Highlands in *midden*. From this word come many names of places in Spain, Italy, Africa, Greece, and Asia Minor. It gives the names to founders, as Menes, Minos, Maon, &c.; thence are derived a multiplicity of the terms in common use,—manes, ammunition, mansion, manitoni, month, maniac, &c.; and, of course, the words in Greek and Latin, through which they have reached us. *Minoia Gaza* meant the Walled Gaza.

The Sabbath commences on Friday evening, when the shadow ceases, or when three stars can be seen, and lasts to the same period of Saturday. During these hours the Jew cannot spread an umbrella; it would be pitching a tent:—he cannot mount on horseback; it would be going a journey:—he cannot smoke; it would be lighting a fire:—he cannot put one out, even if it caught the house:—he cannot buy or bring anything, nor speak of any worldly concern, nor break the seal of a letter.

Eight Years in British Guiana, being the Journal of a Residence in that Province from 1840 to 1848, inclusive. By BARTON PREMIUM, a Planter of the Province. London: Longman and Co.

How many times during the seven years that it has been our duty to record in the columns of THE CRITIC the progress of publication, have we had occasion to protest against the practice of employing the *form of fiction* for the promulgation of *truth*. Each destroys the value and the interest of the other. The reader, unable to separate them, regrets the fact, because it is mingled with fancy, and he does not resign himself to the fascination of the fiction, because it is sobered down by its avowed intermixture with truth. It is equally damaging to the author, for it either clips the wings of his imagination, or deforms his descriptions of realities. More especially is it to be deprecated where the object is political or sectarian, for then both facts and arguments are distorted for the express purpose of advancing one party or opinion, and depressing another.

Now Mr. PREMIUM has written the volume before us with design to submit to his fellow-subjects in England the depressed condition of the West Indian Colonies, and as he is intimately acquainted with them, feels strongly and expresses himself vigorously, he might have produced some impression upon the public here had he come forward with a plain statement of grievances, and an unadorned narrative of the actual state of things in the Islands. But, instead of doing this, he chooses to wrap up his information in the form of a very clumsy fiction, and no small trouble is required, and a good deal of acuteness too, in sifting the true from the false—the fact from the fancy—the opinion from the sentiment. Mr. PREMIUM is, of course, very wrath at the abolition of slavery and the sugar monopoly; declares that the compensation was not half sufficient; protests that the land is worn out, and that the planter cannot afford to repair it; and, in short, prophecies ruin to the possessions, and the ultimate abandonment of the islands to the idle emancipated negroes. But with all this we have nothing to do. Our concern is only with that portion of his work which is of general interest; and since whatever value it possesses is derived from its narratives of facts, and it is nothing worth as a fiction, we shall limit our extracts exclusively to the former; and, therefore, it is that we have taken it out of the department of the latter.

Mr. PREMIUM speaks very disparagingly of
NEGRO MARRIAGES.

More than twenty years ago, the Evangelical party in England, scandalized beyond measure at the state of concubinage which prevailed among our black population, inculcated in every way the necessity for marrying them without delay, and the different clergymen were spurred on to bring about this desirable event as often and as speedily as possible. These worthy men, finding that they might subject themselves to the charge of remissness in the discharge of their duties, and some of

them actuated, it may be, by the same ideas in regard to the moral effect of matrimony, proceeded to exhort their flocks to enter into the state, both privately and from the pulpit; and the negroes, observing that they were likely to be looked on more favourably by their pastoors, and that the ceremony was sufficiently short and easily gone through, were soon induced to be married in considerable numbers. It is said that several applications were made to the clergymen to undo the knot soon after it was tied; and that the parties, finding this to be impracticable, speedily disseminated the extraordinary information among the rest, which led to some falling off in the monthly lists of marriages.

Many of them declared at this period that "Marry no for Nigga's all, da Buckra fashion;" and seemed to have a rooted aversion to it. The custom of the Whites, however, and the example which their increasing self-esteem since the era of emancipation has led them to adopt, have gradually established a marriage on the same footing as among ourselves; an institution which all think they should experience once in their lives. They go through the ceremony; but, I grieve to say, that in too many cases it is an idle form, in every sense of the word. They have generally been on the most intimate footing before—perhaps living together; and it happens too often that they disagree, and, without requiring the sanction of the law, separate, and take new mates, according to the old African habit. My wife has just been shocked by such a case in our own household. The housemaid and butler, both young, were married eighteen months ago: we gave them a marriage-dinner and some presents. They continued in our service, occupying rooms in the offices which were built for our servants; but in the course of six months they began to fight, and the noise and tumult in their quarter became so frequent, that, after repeated admonitions, I warned them off, and finally they went away, he to town to live with another woman, and she to reside with a settler in the new village here.

Unhappily, this is not the only instance that has occurred among our domestics within the short space of four years. Our cook, a woman of about forty, six months ago, without any violent quarrel, deserted her husband, a man with only one leg, and went to live with the engineer of the estate—the black one, I mean, a youth of twenty; while his lawful wife, a girl of his own age, by whom he had two children, went to a neighbouring estate to reside with a mere lad of about sixteen, who had been working a short time here. The cook and her helpmate had been joined together for at least a dozen years. From these occurrences, in the limited sphere of my establishment, an idea may be formed of the extent to which such enormities prevail over the province. There is little doubt that when the tie becomes in the slightest degree irksome, no sense of impropriety, or feeling of religious awe for the commands of the Most High, will prevent them from separating. In many cases I have heard of, the separation having been made with cordial glee-humour on both sides. In general, the children, if there are any, go with the mother; in fact, she usually bears the chief burden of their maintenance when the pair live together; and I am of opinion that the wife is the more meritorious of the two in nine cases out of ten; the husband being commonly a tyrant, and forcing the wife, *more majorum*, to be his slave in the house. He contributes just what he chooses to the funds required for supporting his family, while she must supply whatever is deficient, or brave his wrath, which is vented usually in blows; and he squanders his gains among companions or other women, in drinking and debauchery.

He seems thoroughly to understand the character of the Negro, and those are the best and most amusing portions of his work in which he describes them. Thus:

One day I was standing on the path leading from our village to the field, where they were going to work, when a man came along limping as if his foot had picked up some thorn or similar annoyance. A woman whom he passed, tickled by his uncouth gesture, cried out, "Hey! Quaco, you da go dance in a field, da new *catreel disha*, eh?" Quaco laughed with the laughter, and passed on; but there was one behind who could not brook this insult on her husband's dignity. She came straight up to the other lady, calmly deposited the

basket which held whatever articles she took to the cane-field with her, and then her hoe, on the ground, and forthwith opened fire, setting her arms a-kimbo, with—"You laugh my man, eh—you laugh my man, oh, mamma,—eh, mamma?" "Kay, sissie, me no laugh bad—da good laugh ma laugh" (meaning that she was joking). "You is a vile nigga mamma, no bit of lady bout you; dat is what you is." The other had hitherto been cool, but she now sprang to her feet, and assumed the same belligerent attitude as her opponent. "You say me no lady, you saucy, good-for-nothing Congo dat you is." "Me Congo!" exclaimed the first; then, in a very shrill tone, as if this had been the climax of impudence, "me Congo! da hard you is. You know bery well me double Creole; you is Ebbo, dough! nasty Ebbo, wha savee, eat dem mattie." Their voices rose to a crying pitch, as one pungent reprimanding remark followed another, till the quarrel ripened, and they formed a nucleus for their friends and relatives as they passed to work, who, instead of keeping aloof, as sensible persons would on similar occasions, all took part in the strife of scolding, and it was an hour afterwards when the mass of them appeared in the field, while the principals did not come at all. Thus it is; a silly childish dispute is every day involving perhaps a hundred people in a wordy squabble that annoys us for two or three days.

Here are some more

SKETCHES OF FREE NEGROES.

Negroes have a sort of hereditary respect for the lords of the soil; and, while they would openly deride an overseer, and quietly offer a passive resistance to the directions of a manager who did not suit their tastes, they would yield obedience readily, so far as they will do so now, to the dictates of the plantation massa. But while they act thus, they are by no means insensible to the absurdity of any solecism in plantership, which an inexperienced proprietor would be guilty of; and it is a singular fact, that although they will ruin an estate by the careless performance of their tasks from day to day, they do not like to work under an unskillful planter. On an estate near this is a young manager, preferred to the charge on account of his relationship to the proprietor, whose actions have lately been severely criticised by his neighbours. About a fortnight ago, some twenty or twenty-five men, with their shovels on shoulder, came to me, in absence of Mr. Brown, to offer themselves for hire. I entered into conversation with them in the usual way, asked their terms, and so forth, and finally, whence they came. I learned that they were from the plantation I have just alluded to, and I then said that although willing to take all the good hands who offered themselves, I did not like to deprive a near neighbour of his ablest shovelmen. "Why do you leave him?" There was a dead silence for half a minute; and, no older man inclining to speak, a little bustling youngster of about twenty came forward. "Massa," said he, "no use for tell lie, the nyung (young) manges no ha-sense, he da play h—l yander." Then they all opened like a pack of hounds. "He mad." "He let in salt water for kill cane." "He boil sugar berroot (without) lime" were the phrases, among twenty others, most distinctly heard. "But," said I "if you do the work well in the field, what is it to you if he spoils the cultivation? you have nothing to do with that." "Massa," said the same youth, "we no want estate to hab cracter!" "Indeed," was my reply; "I should think it is what you care very little about; it is notorious that all of you now do the plantation work very badly; if you wish your own to have a good character, why don't you do it as well as in the old time?" "O dat is odering." "Why?" He would not answer, but I could do it for him. Individually, they like to indulge their indolence by doing their tasks in the easiest, and consequently, the worst manner; but they are all proud, and each would like to see his comrade doing the work properly, although he will not, because he wishes, in speaking to a friend on a neighbouring estate, to be able to crow over him, and to tell that his cultivation looks better and his crops are larger than those of his neighbour. It has often struck me that the negro is the proudest of mankind, and the most sensitive in regard to aggression of his self-esteem.

And these are

NEGRO VILLAGES.

The village, as it really is, which has been thus erected by a body of freeholders, if I may so call those

who have no tenure at all, is well enough, if the cottages are taken separately; but they afford, on the aggregate, a good illustration of the negro character. Every one wished to be considered as the planner and builder of his own edifice, and to be not at all indebted to his neighbour, either for suggestion or design. They have a sort of jealousy in all such matters, that often goes a ludicrous length. The villages built by themselves are invariably, in consequence of this feeling, without any uniformity and scarcely in lines so as to constitute streets, one being ten feet in front of the line, another twenty behind; again, one will be of two stories; those on each side of it only one; while the exterior is of every shape and form which the ingenuity of man can devise so as to be habitable. But considerable care is generally evinced to have the little plot of ground in front neat and clean, with a fruit tree here and there within its area, and a footpath in the centre, leading to the public road. I strove hard to keep them right in the formation of the town on this property, and my suggestions and remonstrances were endured at first quietly; but afterwards they generally asked, like a certain worthy duke, if they could not do what they liked with their own; and in a very sulky dissatisfied way. In my opinion, there is as large a proportion of self-conceit in the "mental development" of the negro, as in that of the most decided coxcomb of Bond-street; their constant jars and squabbles almost always arising out of offended vanity.

We conclude with an interesting description of

THE SNAKES OF THE WEST INDIES.

Depredations are frequently committed among the ducks of the estates by a variety of the boa peculiar to this part of America, called the canopy; a snake that takes his prey generally in the water, under which he lurks, with his head up, so as to observe without being observed; and when any aquatic fowl is discovered he steals upon and seizes it. They are of immense size, it is said, in some localities. The largest I have seen was twenty feet long: it had just swallowed a Muscovy duck, which it seized in the middle of a numerous flock, raising such a noise as brought one to the spot who saw the snake and gave the alarm. He was shot by repeated fusillades, but not before he had gotten the duck into his gullet. The Negroes are not afraid of them, and they eat them with great gusto.

This one was no sooner floating on the water, without much motion, than the man who owned the prey jumped in and attacked him with a knife, ripping up his throat and stomach; where he found his property, only half-way down, and whence he speedily extricated it. In fact, the protuberance caused by the bird was visible from the bank of the trench. Notwithstanding its great length, this reptile was not thicker than a stout man's leg at the calf. They are darker than the boas of the East, but beautifully marked also with a variety of colours; black, white, and brown predominating. Indeed, I would say from what I have seen, that the venomous snakes are the most revolting in appearance. The blood snake is understood to be of this description; and it resembles strongly an enormous earth-worm, being just of that colour, and usually from four to six feet long. There is another sort, of a deep grass green hue, and of similar length; while the coral snake, from eighteen inches to three feet, glides along among the flowers and shrubs near a house, in the gay colours of scarlet, black, and white, which characterize the substance from which it takes its name. The whip snake is the most familiar with man, being generally found near houses. It is so named from the resemblance it bears to the thong of a whip, and is perfectly innocuous.

Some years ago, when in the colony, and visiting a bachelor friend who lived in a retired situation, I was one day reclining on a sofa and reading, the house being perfectly still, and no person nearer than the kitchen, when a snake of this variety moved so silently into the room that he was in the middle of it before I was aware of his presence. He seemed to look for some things, as if he knew they should be there; insects probably, for I observed him to pick up a spider. At last he espied me, and, raising his head, in an instant was coiled up instinctively for defence; but immediately afterwards, when I got on my feet, he retreated with great expedition below the sideboard, and contrived to enclose himself so between it and the wall that it was

only after detaching it the servants were able to dislodge him. I would not permit them to kill him; and they were both sulky and surprised when he glided rapidly down the outer steps and on to the lawn without being assailed by every sort of offensive weapon that might come to hand.

Turkey and its Destiny. By C. MACFARLANE, Esq. In 2 vols. London: Murray. 1850.

IN 1828 Mr. MACFARLANE visited Constantinople, and published an extremely interesting narrative of its then condition. Since that period vast changes have been attempted to be made by its government; the manners and modes of dress and of living in the most civilized countries of Europe has been pertinaciously sought to be infused into the Mahomedans. The court has set the example, anticipating that there, as elsewhere, the fashion of the aristocracy would soon become the fashion of the people. In 1848 Mr. MACFARLANE felt a desire to see with his own eyes what had been the practical results of these reforms, and how far Turkey had improved as compared with his remembrances of it in 1828, just twenty years before. Accordingly he started for Constantinople, actively employed himself there in looking into the actual state of things, and learning what are the feelings of the community upon the changes attempted by the government; and thus, so far as he might, to form a judgment upon the probable future of an empire which, once the terror of Europe, is now its pity; whose destruction was once as much the object of kings and people, as is now its preservation.

Mr. MACFARLANE's report is altogether discouraging. According to him, Turkey has fallen into hopeless decrepitude and decay. It is gone, as an independent state, and can only maintain a short and precarious existence by help of its more powerful christian allies. Its very being depends on the breath of a congress of European powers. Nor has this catastrophe been postponed by the reforms that have been so vigorously prosecuted. On the contrary, they have rather hastened its fall, because they have not been cordially accepted by the people, but only sullenly submitted to; they have been reforms only in name and aspect—not in reality; the Musselman has assumed the European garb and gait, but his ideas are Moslem still; they are still chain-bound by the fixed belief in an unavoidable fate—still do they shun all active exercise of mind or body—still they are encircled by the prejudices which nothing has yet been able to disturb, far less to dissipate.

Such is the practical result of Mr. MACFARLANE's investigation of the present state and prospects of the Turkish Empire; and it is sufficiently discouraging to those who desire the continuance of European peace, for, when Turkey falls, the scramble for the possession of the prize will almost unavoidably produce a European war.

With these introductory remarks we will leave Mr. MACFARLANE to speak for himself, adding only that he is manifestly a man possessed of strong feelings, and with strong prejudices, and that his statements must always be taken with an allowance. He is one of those persons who cannot see both sides. But he intends honestly, and he has vigorous powers of description, as the following extracts will prove. These are

THE TURKS IN 1848.

The Turks over in Constantinople certainly looked much less like Turks, and were far more civil than in

1828. They were incomparably less picturesque and imposing in their outward appearance. The forced change of costume has transformed them into a rather mean, shabby-looking people. But for the glaring red fezz (a mean, ungraceful, head covering in itself), they might pass for Franks who employed bad tailors and seldom got their clothes brushed. A blue frock-coat buttoned up to the chin, and dirty duck pantaloons not wider than we wear them, were the prevailing fashion. In my time, Sultan Mahmoud had made war on flowing bright-coloured robes, and a fierce attack on the loose baggy nether garments of the Mussulmans; but still the prejudice was strong in favour of an amplitude of trousers, and a shabby fellow continued to be designated as a "tight breeches," or "narrow breeches;" but now every man's breeches were narrow in Stamboul, except among the common people, Oulema, Dervishes, and a few old-fashioned country people from the mountains in Europe or from the interior of Asia Minor. In many cases it cost me thought and trouble to distinguish between Mussulmans and Rayahs. Twenty years ago there was no possibility of confounding them; for, even without the then marked distinctions of dress, of head gear, of boots or papoushes, the Osmanlees were to be known by their swaggering gait, their overbearing looks, and their contemptuous insolent manners. The Turks now seem to have lost their pride and their sense of importance. Over in the city they were the quietest and most modest part of the population. Their former swagger and rudeness appeared to be transferred to the Armenian Seraffis and their dependents. Where I had been repeatedly insulted and more than once spat at by the Turkish rabble, we certainly found nothing now but civility. In 1828 there was no going across the Golden Horn into Constantinople without being attended by one or two armed Turks; and the presence and guard of the faithful could not always screen one from the most gross and opprobrious language. We were now alone, my son and I. In the bazaars we met some Frank ladies, dressed in the French fashion, unveiled and unattended, walking about unconcernedly and making their purchases. They are constantly doing this, walking over by the Galata Bridge, which is about the best promenade here, and walking quietly back in the midst of Turks, and not unfrequently in the midst of troops. Formerly it was a solemn and hazardous enterprise if any European ladies ventured from thence to Stamboul! It was quite a field of anxious forethought, and many preparations were necessary. The Turkish authorities must be spoken to, half-a-dozen cassaves or caoushes, girded and armed to the teeth, must be provided for the escort by some embassy or other, or the ladies must be muffled up and disguised in Turkish costume, and wear the white muslim face covering yashmacs, which makes the liveliest and loveliest of living women look like so many walking spectres. *On a changé tout cela! On a bien fait.*

It must be noted, however, that we did not stroll far from the bazaars, where they are accustomed to the daily visits of Franks; and that the ladies from Galata and Pera confined their rambles to that quarter. We very soon found that beyond these limits a good deal of the old fanaticism and hatred of Christians remained, and that we could seldom walk or ride about without being insulted; and it was fear, sheer fear of consequences, that saved us from actual assault.

The Turks were usually said to commit more crimes during their Ramazan than in any other month of the year. It struck me, however, that the common people in the capital fasted with better humour now than formerly. A new-school Turk would tell me the reason—it was because a great many of them had emancipated themselves from prejudice and (secretly) broke the Ramazan.

It was anomalous, and very contrary to the spirit of the Koran, but the Turkish ladies chose this very month of Ramazan to show themselves most abroad, or to make the greatest display of their charms and their splendour. On the afternoon of every Friday (their Sabbath) the large, irregular, but at least open square, near the barracks and palace and offices of the Seraskier Pasha, which stands over in Constantinople on the site of a palace of the Greeks of the Lower Empire, was converted into a Hyde Park or Champs Elysées, or Prado, the wives of the pashas and other grandes parading up and down, and round and round, in arubas, tulikas, kotchys, and (some few) in light gay, and really

elegant small open carriages, made chiefly at Vienna. Although this open space was almost the only part of Constantinople where a carriage could be driven at all, it was uneven, rough, and dusty, the inequalities giving such rumbles and jolts as to try the springs of the carriages rather severely—for, without counting children, each dame of quality had generally two or three friends with her, and Turkish dames of quality are apt to be *embonpoint*. It used to astonish us how they packed themselves up in those vehicles, and how two small horses—and at times but one—could drag them and the vehicle over such a road. Those who were most *alla Franga* had their coachman seated before them on a coach-box or driving-seat; the more cautious made their driver walk on foot, holding the reins rather short, in his two hands; but in either case there was generally a man-servant at either side of the carriage, to be prompt with his assistance in case of an upset. Beyond a snail's pace, or at most what the Italian's call Bishop's pace—*passo da Monsignore*—they never went, and certainly never could go without the exceeding great risk of a catastrophe. The grandest of the ladies were attended by a sworded man on horseback, being generally a Nubian, of neutralized gender, but insolent, and fierce enough to look at. These creatures very frequently behaved as if there was no Tanzimaut; nor were the fellows trudging on foot by the sides of the carriages remarkable for their civility to Rayahs or Christian strangers. The ladies of quality, particularly when young, wore small thin yashmacs made of stuff as light and transparent as the silken gauze of old Cos; and, while they affected to conceal every feature but the eyes, they made an indecorous, brazen display of their necks and breasts; and, that the eye might be the more surely and strongly attracted, they wore glittering diamonds on the neck and bare bosom. I stop far short of a description of the length to which immodesty was carried. Surely the husbands and the Oulema had better make them burn their yashmacs, show their faces, and cover that which ought not to be seen. In the trim I have mentioned we saw pass and repass before us the chief wives of half the magnates of the empire, not excepting its spiritual lords and ghostly fathers. The poor Turks of the capital, who had got somewhat accustomed to the spectacle, thought little of it, or said it was Tanzimaut or destiny. But the poor Osmanlees from the interior, or from the Asiatic provinces, were struck all of a heap. Not one of these Asiatics—if he returned soon to his native district—but would report that the Prophet's beard was defiled in the Holy City, that the Osmanlees of Stamboul were all turning ghiaours, and their women—worse.

The conscription is so mercilessly exercised, that mothers prefer to destroy their children rather than educate them, to be torn away when they have endeared themselves to their parents. This is the cause of the horrible state of things described in the following paragraph:—

INFANTICIDE IN TURKEY.

Many of the poor Turks did not scruple to say that they could not afford to bring up children; that daughters were a useless encumbrance; and that if they had sons the Government tore them away, just as they were beginning to be useful at home, to make soldiers of them. The conscription was the dread and abhorrence of all the Turkish women. The Greek and Armenian matrons had nothing to fear from it, as acknowledged Christian Rayahs could not serve in the army. Again, though always borne down by a heavier weight of oppression, the Christian Rayahs, by superior industry and intelligence, can always command more of the necessities of life than the Osmanlee peasants, and will, speaking comparatively, thrive where their next-door neighbours the Turks are half-starving. It was no mystery at all, or a mystery only covered with the thinnest and most transparent veil, that forced abortion was a prevalent common practice among these Turkish women. The dark horrible secret as to the means to be employed was pretty generally known; and where ignorance prevailed, there were "wise women," old hags, professional abortionists, paid Turkish Tophane, who went about the country relieving matrons of their burdens for a few piastres a piece; and it was said that these helldames not only destroyed the present embryo, but prevented all chances

of future conception. I was told of these practices at Constantinople by three Frank physicians of the highest standing there, and by two Perote doctors; I was told of them again at Brusa by two Frank doctors, by the English Consul, by one of the American missionaries, by the French Consul, and by others. John Zohrab said that the fact was notorious; that everybody in Brusa and in the plain knew it, as also that the life of the mother was often destroyed. A young Turkish woman, recently married, and then healthy and handsome, though very poor, told Madame — that she was determined to have no children; that no son of hers, after being suckled at her breast, and brought up with care and cost, should be taken from her to live far away in barracks and be a soldier. While we were at Brusa, this young Turkish woman, gaunt and haggard, was crawling about the streets: she had no children, nor had she any health left. Confirmations of the horrible fact met us wherever we went. The Sultan's limiting the soldier's service to five years had not abated it: the growth of poverty was increasing it; it had never been so prevalent as within the last two or three years, — a period during which the speedy resurrection of the empire had been predicted by the salaried journalists at Constantinople, whose vaticinations seem to have been taken as accomplished facts by many people in Christendom predisposed to expect miracles from everything that is called a political reform. The march of Turkish reform has trampled out the deepest feeling, the most glowing affection of the human heart; it has dashed the mother's joy at the birth of her first-born; it has deprived the father of his love and pride for his progeny. Twenty years ago I heard not of these horrors.

(To be continued.)

FICTION.

Woman's Friendship; a Story of Domestic Life. By GRACE AGUILAR, author of "Home Influence." London: Groombridge. 1850.

MISS AGUILAR has already distinguished herself as a writer of remarkable grace and delicacy. Without false sentiment, and despising anything in the shape of cant, she devotes herself to the inculcation of the virtues, more especially those which are the peculiar charm of woman, and which she appears to possess in full measure. Nor is she less to be admired for the fertility of her imagination, and the artistic skill with which she weaves her plot, and depicts the characters whom she brings upon the stage. "Woman's Friendship" shows that she adds industry, and a resolution for self-improvement, to her other capacities for excellence in authorship. It exhibits progress. In every particular it is an advance of her "Home Influence." She is throwing herself more and more upon her own ample resources, and with a success proportioned to the effort. The personages that figure here are more distinctly developed, more truthfully portrayed: they stand out more like realities upon the reader's memory, and are more thoroughly individualized. The same lofty aims pervade it, her design being to show how the friendship of a true woman, sustained through all the trials and troubles of the world, may be an inexpressible blessing to its object, and a source of the purest self-gratification. If there were more such tales as these, it might be hoped that the public taste would improve, and that the reviewer would not be compelled to wade through the heaps of meaningless trash, in the shape of fictions, by which the circulating libraries are swollen, and British literature disgraced.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Poetical Works of John Bolton Rogerson. London: Gilpin. 1850.

MR. ROGERSON is a provincial poet, who has been accustomed to write for the local newspapers and periodicals, and having thus obtained some celebrity in his neighbourhood, he has been induced to collect his fugitive verses from the various perishable sheets in which they have appeared, and to print them in a volume of no mean size, which now lies before us, asking a critical opinion upon its merits. It is not often that we find any difficulty in forming an opinion upon the volumes of poems which are transmitted to us, for usually

they are so decidedly bad that the perusal of any page upon which we chance to open assures us that the writer has not a notion of poetry, and has mistaken ambition for capacity. Sometimes, but very rarely, it happens that, read where we may, there are unmistakeable traces of the presence of genius, even although it may be marred by affectation, or sinning against the rules of rhyme and metre, or even of grammar.

But there are volumes, and this is one, in which the mechanical part of poetry is perfect; where there is nothing in sentiment, or in thought, or in language, positively to be condemned, and yet in which it is difficult to lay the finger upon any single verse and say, "Here is *genius*." We can find in these pages nothing that has not been said before by other poets; in other words—we can trace no *new ideas*—there is nothing of originality—all is extremely respectable—the product of a sensible head and sound heart—the sentiment of man who feels expressed in the language of a man who has read. But this is not *genius*; it is only ability. Mr. ROGERSON is an able writer of verses, but he is not a poet, in our estimation of that title. He is, however, very near it, and by many who are not so fastidious as we must confess ourselves to be, he will doubtless be deemed a poet; and, indeed, his verses are far better than ninety-nine out of every hundred that pass under our notice, as an extract or two will prove.

MY LADY'S CHAMBER.

My Lady's chamber—there at night she sleepeth,
Perchance of me and happiness to dream,
Whilst through her casement the white moonshine creepeth,
And floateth round her in a silver stream.

My Lady's chamber—when the moon is creeping
With quiet beams into her place of rest,
Oh, how I wish that I might watch her sleeping,
Even as those rays that kiss her cheek and breast.

My Lady's chamber—oft I wander, sighing,
Beneath her window in the midnight hours,
Whilst drooping flowers about my feet are lying,
And think of her, the sweetest of all flowers.

My Lady's chamber—would I were a blossom,
So I might shed my dying odours there;
Or rose, to guard with thorny spear her bosom,
Or primrose pale to hide amid her hair.

My Lady's chamber—there at night she bendeth,
And her lips murmur low a virgin prayer;
If pleading pure to throne of bliss ascended,
Then Heaven will surely hold her in its care.

Pretty, too, and graceful in sentiment and structure
is

THE LITTLE SPRITE.

My home is the home of a little sprite,
Which haunts my presence by day and night;
His voice hath a tone of the wildest glee,
Which comes o'er my heart like a witchery,
Seare ever at rest—like the changeful air,
He frolics and gambols everywhere;
Now, as a lamb, in the green meadows found;
Now wantonly rolling on dusty ground;
Now merry as wild bird flitting along,
Mine ear he greets with a snatch of song;
Now he has climb'd to forbidden shelf,
And he plays me a trick like a fairy elf,
And I turn to chide, and look wondrous wise,
But he laughs as he meets my angry eyes,
And I smile at his arch and joyful look,
As he shows me his prize—a pictured book.
With a face grotesque, and a scorn of time
Like the painted imp of a pantomime,
No scene from his whims and freaks is free;
His moods are as rane-like as moods can be,
As many as harlequin's suit hath dyes,
Or the hues of an arch of the showy skies,
And now, with a dwarfish sword and shield,
The carpeted floor is his mimic field;
Now he beats a tattoo on the tiny drum;
Now he dances about with a bee-like hum;
Now he chases the top, or the slender hoop,
With a gleesome shout, and a merry whoop;
Now tired with his noisy romp and play,
Toys are hurl'd with a careless hand away;
Now mounted aloft on his little chair,
He uses his infant skill to rear
The painted cards in a structure light,
And marks its growth with an earnest sight;
From the table upspring the paper walls—
A cry of joy and the fabric falls:
As the air-built mansions of men decay,
And fade at the breath of their judgment away.

My darling boy, oh, my frolicsome sprite!
Thou art dear as the captive's gleam of light;
As to storm-tost sailors the sight of land;
As a sinner saved to the angel band.
No sorrow or boding fear hast thou,
But glad and serene is thine open brow;
As the sparkling bubbles that float on wine,
To thy lip springs up every thought of thine;
An echo art thou, for each trivial word,

Which thy ear drinks in, from thy tongue is heard;
And questions ask'st thou, in simplicity,
Which the wisest are puzzled to answer thee.
May'st thou brightly and gaily through life pass on,
As a mote through a beam of the mid-day sun;
May thy years be from sin and pollution free;
May no shadow of guilt ever rest on thee;
May the attributes of thy heart and mind
Pass through every ordeal—pure, refined;
And, oh, may death open the path to thee
Of a glorious immortality.

And there is much artistic skill in the following

I SAW THEE AND BLESSED THEE.

I saw thee and bless'd thee, thou beautiful one,
And pray'd that in sunshine thy life might glide on;
Like the child of a vision wert thou to my sight,
A being of gladness, of love, and of light;
As radiant thy cheek as the morning cloud's hue,
As lovely thine eye as the even's pale blue,
Far sweeter thy voice than the lute's mellow tone—
I heard and I bless'd thee, thou beautiful one.

I saw thee and loved thee, and pour'd in thine ear
The low whisper'd accents which told thou wert dear;
Thy glance sought the earth, and thy cheek had a glow,
And a crimson cloud pass'd o'er the heaven of thy brow;
A smilin' sunn'd thy features—in transport I prest
Thy bosom of snow to mine own throbbing breast,
And fondly I deem'd thy young heart I had won—
I heard and I bless'd thee, thou beautiful one.

I loved thee and bless'd thee, nor thought that thine eye
Beam'd alike upon all, as the stars from the sky;
I knew not the bliss, which thy kiss gave to me,
Might be tasted by all, as the flower by the bee:
Thou art as that fruit which enchanteth the eye,
Whilst ashes and dust 'neath its loveliness lie;
I know thou art faithless—my bright dream hath gone—
I mourn o'er thy falsehood, thou beautiful one.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Illustrated General and Elementary Physical Atlas; with Descriptive Letter-press. By Dr. KARL VOGEL, Director of Schools, Berlin. London: Gover.

We have already, on many recent occasions, directed the attention of our readers to an extraordinary improvement which has been made in maps. Formerly they were mere skeletons of the form of the earth or of sections of it, and presented to the eye only the distribution of land and water, and the positions of towns and mountains. Whether it was to an American or a German that the idea first occurred of making a map the medium for teaching a great deal more than this—for exhibiting at one view the entire animal and vegetable and climatal physiology of the globe, we will not now pause to consider. The honour is claimed by both countries; but it is sufficient for us that we have the benefit of the invention, and that a new and valuable aid to education has been afforded by the ingenuity of either a German or an American.

An inspection of the Atlas before us, which is the product of German industry and accuracy, will suffice to satisfy the most resolute admirer of the *status quo*, that maps have really been subjected to an immense improvement; and perhaps the best mode of conveying to our readers who may not have the opportunity to inspect them, and who do not like to buy without understanding something of the design, will be to endeavour, as minutely as we can, to describe one of them, which may be taken as a model of the rest; and as the volume opens at the map of Asia, we will examine that.

This map occupies the centre of a double leaf, and is coloured, each country being distinguished by a different colour. It is intersected by dotted lines, running across from east to west, and more or less curved, and by following these to the margin, we find that they are what are called the isothermal lines, that is to say, the lines which mark equality of temperature where they run, as indicated by the vegetable products. Thus, one marks the northernmost limit of the growth of wheat, another that of the vine, another the lowest limit toward the equator at which snow falls, another the limit of the banana and tropical grains, another the limit of the region of the monsoons, and so forth. On the face of each country is shown, not the mountains and vales only, but the lands occupied by forests, the regions of mines and minerals, and many other curious particulars. The margin of the map is devoted to a sketch of the vegetable and animal products of the countries included. Two specimens of the human families that occupy it, the beasts, the birds, the reptiles, and drawings of the most remarkable plants and

fruits fill every available space, and give to a map, which is usually to a child's eye, an unmeaning, and, therefore, uninteresting crowd of ugly names, a picture which attracts his gaze, awakens his curiosity, and fixes itself upon his memory, the whole being imprinted there ready to be recalled when required, the map being associated with the objects as the objects with the maps, and their relationship becoming apparent to him. If the teacher would also take the trouble himself to study this atlas, and then explain it to the pupil with such descriptions of the geology, geography and natural history as his reading may afford, it is impossible to over-estimate the value of the assistance here offered in the work of education. The most effective plan would be to take a single map first, and beginning with the large divisions of land and water, proceed step by step to the subdivisions of countries and provinces, until the entire information indicated upon the map is exhausted, taking care by frequent examinations to ascertain that the pupil not only knows by rote but understands his lessons, and not to pass on to another map until the first is mastered, and so on through the entire Atlas. At the close of such a course of *map-reading*, the learner will possess a more extensive knowledge of geography and the scenes that appertain to it, than by a lifetime of learning on the plans hitherto provided, and with the maps formerly used. With this invention we do most heartily recommend this *Physical Atlas* of Dr. VOGEL to the attention of our readers.

The Earth and Man; or Comparative Physical Geography in its relation to the History of Mankind. By ARNOLD GUYOT, Professor of Geography at Neufchâtel. Translated from the French by C. C. FELTON. London: Gover.

We have already noticed a fragment of this work, which had been published in a distinct volume. The whole amply merits the praise bestowed upon the part. It is *by far* the best geography we have ever seen, and should be a class-book in every school. It cannot fail deeply to interest the dullest pupil, and so to awaken faculties which might have been dormant under the ordinary course of training, in which the memory is cultivated rather than the intelligence. The numerous coloured maps and illustrations are in themselves attractive to youthful eyes, and create a desire to be informed what *it is all about*. The schoolmaster who has once used this work will thenceforth banish the old geographies which endeavour to teach by means of catalogues of hard names—conveying no distinct *ideas* to the youthful mind. Here *things* are taught and *pictorial ideas* are written upon the memory indelibly.

Suggestive Hints towards improved Instruction, making it bear upon Practical Life. By Rev. RICHARD DAVIES, A.M. 4th edition. London: Groombridge. 1850.

THIS little book having reached a fourth edition is a decisive test that it possesses merit of the class that recommends itself to the common sense of the public. And this is the characteristic of Mr. Davies' educational hints. Their purpose is to show how knowledge may be best conveyed to the young mind, and the author takes each branch of learning in turn, and illustrates his principles by examples. This little volume will be an admirable assistant to those who have the care of youth, giving them many useful hints, of which they will be pretty sure to avail themselves in practice, to the infinite advantage of their pupils and the furtherance of their own reputations.

FOREIGN LITERARY JOURNAL.

Essai de phytostatique appliquée à la chaîne du Jura, et des contrées voisines, ou étude de la dispersion des végétaux, envisagé principalement quant à l'influence des roches soussujettantes. Par J. THURMANN. 2 Vols. 8vo. Chez Bailliére, rue Hautefeuille, Paris.

M. THURMANN is one of the most distinguished geologists in France; and, in addition to a great amount of learning, he must possess a wonderful share of personal energy and perseverance. The volumes before us are the result of ten years' labour and careful research, during which period the author has travelled over the

long chain of the Jura, from the Valley of the Rhine to the Alps of Dauphiné, and from the Plains of Bresse to the Lake of Geneva, and endeavoured to make himself acquainted with every chemical and physical characteristic of the country. The object the author had in view was to ascertain the degrees of influence exercised upon the growth of vegetation by the two great agents—soil and climate.

M. THURMANN first treats of the different climates of the Jura, and shows the effect of the temperature of air and water upon vegetation. He divides the range of mountains into five zones of altitude, each of which possesses a different class of vegetation. This portion of the work is accompanied by a map of the Jura, in which the five zones are marked out, and the difference of the warmth of temperature in each is shown by darker tints of colour. Another map shows the distribution of different kinds of earth over the surface. The author attributes the amount of influence of the soil upon vegetation, according to its moistness, dryness, permeability, and adhesiveness, rather than to any chemical properties, and his deductions are, that the growth of plants almost entirely depends upon the physical influences, and not upon the chemical combinations which surround them. M. THURMANN argues, that if the chemical properties of the earth exercised any powerful influence on vegetation, the same classes of plants would be found, where the same stratum of earth or rock prevailed; at all events, where the physical influences were alike. The contrary is, however, the case, and similar vegetation is only found on soils, or rocks, of which the moisture or dryness, adhesiveness or permeability, are the same. Certain plants flourish upon calcareous rock, not on account of the carbonate of lime which it contains, but on account of its dryness; others, which require moisture, grow better on granites.

M. THURMANN also arrives at the conclusion, that those plants which require continual moisture are but little affected by the temperature of the atmosphere: their growth depends upon the water which affords the moisture. On the other hand, those that thrive on dry soils are influenced by every modification of temperature, and by the dampness of the air. The characteristic vegetation of a country must be judged of from the latter class.

In the second volume of this work, the names of plants growing in the Jura are enumerated, with a precise account of the several localities in which they are found.

The subjects discussed in this treatise, it will be seen, are very diversified, but they are so skilfully treated that they contain information for the general reader, as well as the geologist, and will form a manual of practical utility to agriculturists, arborists, and botanists.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Second Gallery of Literary Portraits. By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Edinburgh: James Hogg. London: Groombridge. 1850.

A FAIR array meets us, as we glance round this gallery. The ancestral portraits, not of an isolated family, but of a nation's mind, are before us. Genius is ever parental, and begets many children of the brain. There are mental as well as bodily relationships, and each devotee of science or literature is free to claim kindred with the great spirits of any clime or age. Genius is essentially philanthropic. Great inventions may be national, but great thoughts belong to mankind, and are world-wide in their influence. Greece and Rome have ceased to be, but PLATO and HORACE speak to us still—"they rule us from their urns." Their voices will be heard, perchance, when England's name is recorded on the Past,—that tombstone of nations. And accordingly as the worthies of our country take their stand in the "chorus of the Divinity," as the Pythagorean called genius, so will their influence be shed wherever the harvest of intellect finds labourers. Some poets sing the songs of their time; but all re-echo the feelings and thoughts

common to humanity. The dauntless courage—the love of glory—the blood-tears of the Homeric muse, are felt to be true, even in this so-called degenerate age. The seraphic raptures of MILTON have, and will, through long ages, possess the power to transport the listening soul, in thought, to hell or heaven. The mortal life of such men is the smallest part of their existence—the least important. MILTON, though CROMWELL's secretary, was comparatively an obscure person. Great works, like seeds, must bide their time, ere they become a living principle. Lord BACON, in his will, bequeathed his memory to posterity, after the lapse of some centuries. WALLER spoke of the *Paradise Lost* as a long, dull poem, in blank verse, if its length could be considered a merit, it had no other. There are men now living who are neither understood nor appreciated—whose very discoveries and investigations into nature's laws have brought down upon them the malevolence of the ignorantly bigoted, and the abuse of those who love their own theories better than truth, and personal power better than universal enlightenment. All genius anticipates the age. And often, most often, indeed, the writings which gave the author greatest applause while living, "hide their lesser fires" in the full blaze of that posthumous fame which results from the production of works whose merits the world had not before acknowledged. Time is a kind of compensating clock: it corrects the errors it has made. In the words of SENECA,

Believe e'en death itself takes not away
The vital essence that existence gave,
And honour trampled in the very clay
Will vindicate his title from the grave.

We have been led to speak of MILTON in connexion with the foregoing remarks, because his name appears first on the list of *Literary Portraits* which is in a series of papers on different celebrated personages, written somewhat in the style of Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age*. Were we not of opinion, as we have already expressed ourselves, that genius belongs to all time, we should have said that MILTON, chronologically speaking, was out of place; for he is the only writer not belonging to this century on whom Mr. GILFILLAN has penned critiques in this volume. Among the succeeding names are NICHOL, MACAULAY, BULWER, CROLY, LONGFELLOW, TENNYSON, LEIGH HUNT, EMERSON, and many others. But as we purpose giving this interesting work more than one notice, we will take a few of the first articles and critique the criticisms. We agree with much that our author has said of MILTON, though in his struggle after originality of views he certainly over-rates that great poet's minor productions. However, we like his remarks on—

SAMSON AGONISTES.

This is perhaps the least poetical, but certainly by no means the least characteristic, of Milton's works. In style and imagery it is as bare as a skeleton, but you set it to be the skeleton of a Samson. It is the purest piece of literary sculpture in any language. It stands before you like a statue, bloodless and blind. There can be no doubt that Milton chose Samson as a subject, from the resemblance in their destinies. Samson, like himself, was made blind in the cause of his country; and through him, as through a new channel, does Milton pour out his old complaint, but more here in sorrow than in anger. It had required—as the Nile has seven mouths—so many vents to a grief so great and absolute as his. Consolation Samson has little, save in the prospect of vengeance, for the prospect of the resurrection-body had not fully dawned on his soul. He is, in short, a hard and Hebrew shape of Milton. Indeed, the poem might have been written by one who had been

born blind, from its sparing natural imagery. He seems to spurn that bright and flowery world which has been shut against him, and to create, within his darkened tabernacle, a scenery and a companionship of his own, distinct as the scenery and companionship of dreams. It is, consequently, a naked and gloomy poem; and as its hero triumphs in death, so it seems to fall upon and crush its reader into prostrate wonder, rather than to create warm and willing admiration.

PARADISE LOST.

Has sometimes been called the most perfect of human productions—it ought to be called the most ambitious. It is the Tower of Babel, the top of which did not, indeed, reach unto heaven, but that certainly surpass all the other structures then upon earth. It stands alone, unequalled—*man's mountain*. . . . It is the written-out, illuminated, creed of a solitary, independent, daring, yet devout man, which all ages have agreed to admire in Milton's poem. And hence the admiration awarded has been rather general than particular—rather that of whole than of parts—rather that of stupified and silent amazement than of keen, warm, and anxious enthusiasm—rather the feeling of those who look hopelessly upon a cloud, or a star, or a glowing west, than of those who look on some great, yet unstable perfection, in the arts of painting, statuary, or poesy.

But of all Mr. GILFILLAN's critiques, we like that on MILTON the least. He has striven after novelty and given us only strange combinations of names and things; a somewhat heterogeneous mixture, which jars on the ear, while sounding the praises of the blind bard. Some one well said "you cannot read MILTON in a careless tone of mind," you must be in some sort prepared as the words fall senseless on the ear. The solemn march of his rhyme, like the tones of sacred music, induces serious thought. MILTON's is rather the imagination of the pure intellect, than of that outward vision, which looks abroad on nature. He did not describe what is,—but what is not. Therein was the greatness of his genius. His eyes were closed on the finite to open on the infinite. Yet even MILTON in all his sublimity, could not find words to portray the glories of that heaven whose light dawned, but only dawned, upon his soul. He is greatest in Pandemonium, for there he has pictured the stern, awful grandeur of creation, and peopled the scene with beings whom he calls devils, but who are, in fact, terribly human. Mr. GILFILLAN has not given the world any really new views of MILTON's character or of his works. He has written an enthusiastic eulogy of the man, in which we fully accord; but we think there yet remains to be penned a philosophic analysis of his great poem.

Lord BYRON is the next literary portrait brought before our contemplation. Our author has treated this great poet most ably. All that he has said of him is true, our only complaint is, that he has not told the whole truth—perhaps he did not see it. But certain it is, that BYRON had terrible weaknesses, as well as a great genius. Yes, and terrible deficiencies. On some of these, Mr. GILFILLAN eloquently dilates. He elevates himself and his readers even to the very summit of the high Alps, which he deems the pedestal of the poet's bust. Cloud-capped in the greatness of his genius, humanity is called upward to measure his vast dimensions. But the eagle himself, though he cleaves the air with untiring wing, and looks undaunted at the sun, lives upon the carion of the earth. And so, BYRON, though elevated by the sublimity of his genius, in some respects, was below the level of common humanity in others. His romance was of the imagination not of the heart. Wounded vanity, he called love, and

made the world weep with him. But he was too great an egotist ever to feel real affection—yet we pity him. It was the great misfortune of his early days to be without those sacred ties of filial love which purify the spirit, and influence the whole after life for good. BYRON could scarcely be said to love, certainly not to respect, his mother. To that circumstance is mainly attributable the evil courses of his reckless, brilliant, heartless career. The following remarks by Mr. GILFILLAN are truly excellent:

He believed, and trembled as he believed, that it was a serious thing to die, but did not sufficiently, if at all, feel that it was a serious thing to live. He would not struggle; he must shine; but he could not be content with mere shining without struggle. And hence, ill at ease with himself, aimless and hopeless, "like the Cyclops mad with blindness," he turned to bay against society—man—and his Maker. And hence, amid all that he has said to the world—and said so eloquently, and said so mournfully, and said amid such wide, and silent, and profound attention, he has told it little save his own sad story". . . . In one respect, we grant that Byron was the spirit of the age; he was the representative of its wants, its weakness, its discontents, its dark unrest—but not of its aspirations, its widening charity, and its hopeful tendencies. His voice was the deep vague moan of the world's dream, his writhing anguish, the last struggle of its troubled slumber: it has since awaked, or is awaking, and "as a dream when one awakeneth" it is despising, too much despising, his image. He stood high yet helpless between the old and the new, and all the helpless and the hopeless rallied round to constitute him first magistrate over a city in flames—supreme ruler in a blasted and ruined realm.

There is a solemn charge to be brought against BYRON: he did no good to mankind. The spirituality of the metaphysical SHELLEY is elevating, the sneers of the cynical VOLTAIRE, gave an impetus to the inquiries of the world which has really been productive of good. In tearing away the rubbish which his keen eye had discovered, VOLTAIRE no doubt did some slight damage to the temple of truth, but time soon repaired the injury; it was not in the power of the versatile but superficial Frenchman, to do more than just scratch the stones of that vast building. But from BYRON has evolved no great truth,—his writings "healed not a passion or a pang, entailed on human hearts." On the contrary, he tore the bandages from every wound, and left his victims to writhe with agony in the battlefield of life, in the night-air of sorrow.

With reluctance we turn from Mr. GILFILLAN's critique on BYRON. There are several passages we had marked for the purpose of giving them to our readers, but we must leave them to be enjoyed by those, and they will be many, who peruse the volume itself.

We are much struck by our author's opening remarks on CRABBE. They are both true and original.

To be the poet of the waste places of creation—to adopt the orphans of the mighty mother—to wed the dowerless daughters—to find out the beauty which has been split in tiny drops in her more unlovely regions—to echo the low music which arises from even her stillest and most sterile spots—was the mission of CRABBE as a descriptive poet. He preferred the Leahs to the Rachels of nature: and this he did not merely because his lot had cast him amid such scenes, and that early associations had taught him a profound interest in them, but apparently from native taste. He actually loved that beauty which stands shivering on the brink of barrenness—loved it for its timidity and its loneliness. Nay, he seemed to love barrenness itself; brooding over its dull page till there arose from it a strange lustre which his eye distinctly sees, and which in part

makes visible to his readers. It was even as the darkness of cells has been sometimes peopled to the view of the solitary prisoner, and spiders seemed angels in the depths of his dungeon. We can fancy, too, in CRABBE's mind a feeling of pity for those unloved spots, and those neglected glories. We can fancy him saying "let the gay and the aspiring make with nature in her towering attitudes, and flatter her more favoured scenes; I will go after her into her secret retirement, bring out her bashful beauties, praise what none are willing to praise, and love what there are few to love."

These are some exquisitely poetical passages in our author's critique on CRABBE, but we must not indulge in another extract from it. We are glad to find the name of JOHN FOSTER among the literary portraits. He is too little known to the reading world; which circumstance is, perhaps, attributable to his not belonging to any party. His religious views are evangelical, but he appeals more to the intellect than the feelings,—a course which did not suit all his hearers. FOSTER's *Essays on Decision of Character* are worthy the perusal of all persons who read something more than the last number of *David Copperfield*. The following remarks are characteristic of Mr. GILFILLAN's style, and explanatory of the subject of the critique.

And yet, in spite of all these melancholy musings and romantic tendencies, Foster was a keen, stern and sarcastic observer of men and manners—of society and political progress. In politics he was a "radical, and something more"—an independent thinker, despising all ties of party, and standing on every question like a fourth estate—one who could sit upon the ground and tell strange stories of the death of kings, and who never in one instance sacrificed an atom of the right to an acre of the expedient. It is worth while reading in this work his musings, as of a separate spirit, upon the public transactions of the day. In society too, he sat an insulated being, whose silence was often more formidable than his words. His face, even when he spoke not, shone a quiet mirror to the "thoughts and intents of the heart" of those around him, and he came away with past as well as present history silently inscribed upon his mind. His conversational sarcasm was tremendous. "Was not the Emperor Alexander a very pious man?" "Very pious" he answered; "I believe he said grace ere he swallowed Poland." We could quote if we durst, unpublished specimens still racier. Hall himself is said to have felt somewhat nervous in his presence when in this mood; and there is a floating rumour of a meeting between him and Lord Brougham on some educational question, in which his lordship came off, and shabbily, second best.

Of THOMAS HOOD, Mr. GILFILLAN has written with great acuteness of observation and equal truth. He understands his two-fold nature,—the strong tendency to fun and melancholy. His heart was like the gold and silver shield in the story, on one side sad, at the other gay. We must all regret that a mind such as Hood's condescended to become an editor of Comic Annuals. In the depth of his soul there was a strength, in his imagination a vividness,—in his heart a pathos,—but it availed him little, he sought society instead of solitude, and no one can do great things and be truly great, who dares not seek communion with his mind, apart, for a time at least, from his fellows. MILTON was separated from the world by his blindness. GIBBON wrote his *Decline and Fall* alone, by the shores of Lake Leman. TASSO and BUNYAN composed their great poems, for poems they both are, in prison. The poet must draw from the wells of his own spirit, and that draught must be made in solitude, not amidst the glare, the noise, the clamour of the social board. We shall return to Mr. GILFILLAN's interesting volume in the next CRITIC. C. A. H. B.

A Catalogue of Books published in the United Kingdom during the year 1849. London: S. Low.

This pamphlet, useful alike to booksellers, bookbuyers, and book-readers, contains a complete list, alphabetically arranged for reference, of all the new books published in the United Kingdom during the last year, including the new editions and reprints, and stating their titles, prices, sizes, dates of publication, and publishers' names. The list is a formidable one, filling no less than forty-two large pages of the smallest type. Each page contains ninety-six lines, making a grand total of about 4,000 new works, the product of one single year! It would be a curious speculation how many of these found a sufficient sale to repay the cost of printing; how many yielded a profit to the author; how many will be remembered for two years; how many for twenty; how many for a century; how many were worth printing at all, or rather, how few!

MUSIC.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

HER Majesty's Theatre will open in the first week of March, with *Medea*, and Mdlle. Parodi as Prima Donna. *La Prigione di Edinburgo*, by Ricci, is announced to be performed before Easter, under the direction of the composer, and other novelties to follow in succession, are mentioned. The grand *coupé* is said to be Shakspeare's *Tempest*, the *libretto* by Scribe, and the music by Halevy; *Miranda*, Sontag, and *Caliban*, Lablache.

The programme of the Royal Italian Opera for the coming season has also appeared. The season will commence on Saturday, March the 16th. The *repertoire* of the theatre already comprises twenty-eight operas, which have been represented in former seasons; and the directors announce eight new ones, of which they pledge themselves to produce at least five during the forthcoming season. The list commences (and the season also will open) with Weber's *Der Freischütz*, now to be performed for the first time on the Italian stage in this country. The recitatives will be those written by Berlioz for the representation of this opera at Berlin. The other operas promised are *Guido e Ginevra*, by Halevy (first time in England), Donizetti's *Parissina*, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, Halevy's *La Juive*, Mercadante's *Il Bravo*, and last, though not least, Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto*, with new arrangements and additions by the composer. Meyerbeer's *Prophète* will also be one of the chief operas of the season. The vocalists are Madame Grisi, Mdlle. Vera, Madame Viardot, Mdlle. de Meric, Mdlle. d'Okolski (a new comer), Signor Mario, Signor Enrico Maralti (from the Venice at Venice, a new comer), Signor Tamburini, Signor Massol, Signor Ronconi, Formes (the distinguished German basso), Signor Tagliafico, Zelger (the favourite bass of the Brussels troupe), and Signori Luigi Mei, Soldi, Lavia, Poloni, Romani, and Rache. A Signor Tamberlik (described as of the San Carlo at Naples and the Grand Opera at Barcelona) is also announced. Mr. Costa is still to be the director of the music, and the orchestra remains substantially the same. The arrangements of the theatre, with the exception of the music, are to be under the direction of Mr. Frederick Gye. The ballet department will be a mere accessory to the opera. The opera chosen for the opening is Weber's *Der Freischütz*, with Formes as Caspar, and the other characters by Madame Castellan, Mdlle. Vera (who appeared some few seasons back at Her Majesty's Theatre), Massol, Zelger, and Signor Enrico Maralti.

The *Soirées* of Mr. W. S. Bennett commenced on Tuesday week, with an excellent selection of classical music, in the execution of which Herr Ernst took part. — The *Spendthrift*, by Mr. Jerrold, is in preparation at the Olympic Theatre.—Jenny Lind has recently given several most successful concerts in Hanover, one of which was for the benefit of the poor of the city. His Majesty King Ernest, who was present at one of the concerts, has sent to the Swedish Nightingale the appropriate gift of a golden goblet filled with ants' eggs—the food of nightingales.—On Monday, the 11th of March, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean will take their benefit, under the special patronage of Her Majesty and Prince Albert. They intend to perform the characters of *Benedict* and *Beatrice* in *Much Ado about Nothing*.

—The concert of Madame Sontag, given on Tuesday

se'night at the Conservatoire in Paris, was crowded to excess.—*La Presse* quotes the following passage from a letter, dated Cassel, February 16:—"The celebrated composer, M. Louis Spohr, while walking yesterday on the ice, had the misfortune to fall backwards, and received a hurt on his head. M. Spohr was immediately conveyed to his home, where every care and attention was shown him, but the professional attendants despair of saving his life." — The executors and the surviving relatives of Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy have announced their desire to collect his letters, to serve, at a future period, as materials for an authentic memorial of the deceased. It is to be hoped that this announcement will preclude the publication of such letters in any other way; and will induce the many friends of Dr. Mendelssohn in England to communicate copies of the letters which they may possess to any of the members of his family:—such communications to be directed to the deceased's brother, Mr. Paul Mendelssohn Bartholdy.—Madame Clara Novello has returned to the stage,—having reappeared at Rome in *Luisa Miller*.—The anniversary of the birth of Molière was celebrated at the Français last week with unusual pomp. The pieces selected for the occasion were *Les Femmes Savantes*, and *L'Amour Médecin*. In the latter, M. Alex. Duinas had introduced *intermèdes* and *entre actes* with some ingenuity, by which the spectator was carried back to the Theatre as it existed in the days of Louis XIV., and was surprised at seeing the gas of the footlights replaced by a score of tallow candles, which were lighted up before him and snuffed *antique à morte*. Then came the men of fashion about the court, seating themselves on each side of the stage, and one placing himself right in front between the public and the actors. This specimen of a representation, as conducted a couple of centuries ago, was highly amusing as well as curious. To crown all, there was a *dévississement* to close the comedy, in the style in which such things were managed under the "Grand Monarque," Mesdames Brohan, Judith, Favart, and Fix, whose beauty and talent would have shone in any age, were the principal female characters; and Messrs. Gol and Provost were excellent in the two men. On the whole, the alterations were not altogether to the taste of the public; but, as a curiosity, will probably be attractive for some time.

ART.

Ten Coloured Views, taken during the Arctic Expedition in H. M. S. "Enterprise," and "Investigator," under command of Captain Sir JAMES ROSS, R.N. Drawn by W. H. BROWNE, Lieut. R.N.; on Stone by CHARLES HAGHE. London: Ackermann and Co. 1850.

TENFOLD interest attaches to the subject of these coloured drawings, from the uncertainty that hangs over the fate of a brave body of our countrymen, who may even now be living in the desolate regions here depicted. The present series of views, however, derives additional value from the fact that they are almost *fac similes* of sketches taken upon the spot by Lieut. BROWNE, who was attached to the Expedition of Sir JAMES ROSS, and may, therefore, be relied upon as exactly truthful. Indeed, all who have seen the *Panorama* in Leicester-square, which was painted from the drawings of the same gentleman, will be eagerly desirous to possess these more probable reminiscences of scenes, which it is difficult for the most vivid imagination to paint. We first see the great glacier in summer, surrounded with all its lesser ones; there are some remarkable appearances of the heavens; then a sketch of the ships warping and boring in a park of ice; then a grand scene of the Northern *Dépôt*, with the arrival of the sledges; then the north-east Cape of America; then a sketch of the remarkable cliff at Port Leopold; then the Bivouac at Cape Leppings, with a wall of rock mounting almost to the sky; then a picturesque view of a fiord, a rich summer scene, and immediately below it a ravine, to which the Alps afford no parallel. Perhaps the most attractive, as well as the most effective in its colouring of any in this collection is noon in mid-winter. It is the scene depicted at the *Panorama*, and conveys the most solemn notions of the Polar Regions. This portfolio will be a most welcome addition to the drawing-room table. It is the novelty of the season.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[Continued from page 103.]

We now come to the landscape portion of the exhibition.

MR. CRESWICK's beauties and predilections in subject have been so often spoken of, and are, indeed, so familiar to the public, that the mention of the title of two of his pictures will well nigh furnish the reader with a description of them. *Noon: the Stream in the Valley* (No. 71), and *Morning: the Stream in the Hills*, are companions, both very beautiful; the latter a first-rate specimen of the artist's style, rich and deep in colour. *The Miller's Home* (No. 18) is Mr. CRESWICK's third and least striking work.

The Watchful Shepherd (No. 96), by Mr. REDGRAVE, bears a clear impress of fidelity to nature. The shepherd looks on, while his herd winds orderly down a steep smooth hill. Mr. REDGRAVE has proved more than once that his true province in art is landscape painting, in which he holds a very high position.

MR. LINNELL has two paintings, *Opening the Gate* (No. 133), and *The Purchased Flock* (No. 212), remarkable, as are all his works, as sum-totals of familiar truth. Deservedly as Mr. LINNELL is admired, however, we cannot acquiesce in his system of manipulation of the several parts of his pictures.

MR. DANBY has achieved another great—very great—triumph in No. 108, *A Golden Moment*. The air over the water is in a mist of sunset, the red light of which pierces through the trees. The water-fowl leave bright tracks after them, in swimming into the shadow, where one water-lily lies white and cool. The sky is yellow, with a tinge approaching to green; but the atmosphere is red with light. It is a noble work, not less true than striking and poetical.

No. 282, *The Rival's Wedding*. This picture, the only one contributed by Mr. ANTHONY, needs but a little more of finish to have secured to it that prominent position on the walls to which its merits, even as it is, undoubtedly entitled it. The subject, as indicated in the catalogue, is not, perhaps, very clearly developed; but such pictures as this are independent of any catalogue. To some, the first aspect of the work will be more singular than engaging; indeed, it is perhaps necessary that the eye should gaze long enough to be isolated from all the surrounding canvases, before the mind can be fully impressed by the secret beauty of this picture. Every object and every part of the colour contribute to the feeling: there is something strangely impressive even in the curious dog, who is looking up at that sad, slow-footed mysterious couple in the shadow; there is something mournful, that he has to do with, in the sunlight upon the grass behind him. After contemplating the picture for some while, it will gradually produce that indefinable sense of rest and wonder, which, when childhood is once gone, poetry alone can recall. And assuredly, before he knew that colour was laid on with brushes, or that oil-painting was done upon canvas, this painter was a poet.

But perhaps the most admirable work in any class upon these walls is Mr. BRANWHITE'S *Environs of an Ancient Garden* (No. 296), before alluded to, grand, and full of melancholy silence. It calls to mind Hood's *Haunted House*, and may, we fancy, have been suggested by that poem; or Mrs. BROWNING'S readers may think of her wondrous *Deserted Garden*. But here the work of desolation has been more complete. Many years must have passed before it became thus; and since then it has scarcely changed for many years. All that could quite go is gone; and now, for a long long while, it shall stand on into the years as it is. The water possesses the scene within its depths, as calm as a picture; the white statue almost appears to listen; there is a peacock still about the place, to stalk and lurch out his plumage when the sun lies there at noon; the pines conceal the rocky mountains till at a great height, and the mountains shut the horizon out. The encroachment of moss and grass and green mildew is everywhere; the growths of the garden cling together on all hands.

Long years ago it might befall,
When all the garden flowers were trim,
The grave old gardener prided him
On these the most of all.

And lady, stately overmuch,
Who moved with a silken noise,
Blushed near them, dreaming of the voice
That likened her to such.

The Frozen Lock (No. 245), and *The Frozen Mill* (No. 315), are among the best of the same painter's well-known winter scenes: the reflection on the ice of the misty red sun in the first is excellent.

The rising artist among our landscape painters is unquestionably Mr. T. DANBY, than whom no man living is more bold in grappling with subjects deemed commonplace by the commonplace, or more successful in investing them with interest and beauty. His two pictures of this year fully confirm his promise in former exhibitions, and will, we trust, extend his name and popularity. *A Good Place for Trout* (No. 191), is a lovely passage, quiet, shaded, and refreshing. But in his other work genius is unmistakably pronounced. *The Evening Sun upon a Mountain called Tryfan in North Wales* (401), is a picture of ample size, and hung, as it could not with any sense but be, upon the line. It is intensely and grandly true, of a strange sadness and beauty. Two colours divide the picture in sharp lines: the reddish yellow of the mountain where the sun shines; the green mixed with dints blue and grey, where the shadow has come upon it. And these colours are again reflected in the sheet of undisturbed water at its base,—undisturbed save by the cries of the birds that fly across it, while the thin water-grass waves under the whirr of their passing. And over all the sky, pure, with the whiteness of the moon momentarily more distinct. This, more than any other of the artist's productions, approximates in character of mind to his father's works; but in a manner absolutely his own, as new and as complete as those works themselves.

Mr. OLIVER sends five landscape compositions; among which No. 223, *Descent from Mount Cenis*,—a stream and lofty hills, with a dry chalky road in the foreground, pleases us best. Mr. A. W. WILLIAMS'S *Sunny Day* is sunny certainly, yet there is something of that lurid, lowering appearance in it so prevalent in his and Mr. SIDNEY PERCY'S works, as in No. 861, by the latter. *A Weedy Part of the Thames* (No. 312) has less individual manner than we remember in any other work of his.

Fishing Boats off the Coast of Holland (No. 51), by M. GUDIN, shows very favourably in point of earnestness and elaboration beside the sketchy English works that surround it. Compare the sea in this picture and in Mr. Cook's *Dutch Pilots* (No. 45). In the one case, care is manifest in each revolving wave, and very great transparency and variety are obtained: in the other, the result is a clear resemblance in the mass, but to the disregard of detail. M. GUDIN'S sky, half white and glaring, opposed to the blackening storm, completes a very finished picture.

There are examples here of Messrs. JONES, R.A., WINGFIELD, JUTSUM,—one (No. 314), *A Westmoreland Trout-stream*, not quite so much like any other of his pictures as is usual; LINTON, systematically crude and unfinished as ever; BODDINGTON, E. A. GOODALL, G. E. HERING, HULME, NIEMANN, and HOLLAND, two of whose works are on a larger scale than common. Whether this be judicious, we question; all this Artist's displays of colour being, in fact, sketches: accordingly, *Dover* (No. 140), a picture of 4 feet by 5 feet 10 inches, shows but meagrely and insufficiently. Mr. LANCE exhibits six still-life pieces, not without some exceptions so very exquisitely finished, as is currently assumed.

Some promise, too, attaches to paintings bearing less well-known names. Mr. C. MARSHALL'S *Trout-stream* (No. 53), is very bright, limpid, and golden-hued. Mr. FAIRLESS'S *View of Derwentwater* is varied, and has marks of faithful study. At *Venice* (No. 189), by Mr. S. G. TOVEY, appears—but it is not well hung—quiet and sensible. Mr. H. MURCH'S *Summit of the Equine Hill* (No. 235) is very careful and precise in the architectural manner. The sculpture offers scarcely anything worthy of remark. Mr. LOUGH exhibits *Titania* (No. 488), and *Puck* (No. 490). There is a quality so essentially material in Mr. LOUGH'S art that we cannot think him peculiarly adapted for the treatment of such subjects. *Puck* is a clumsy child (what would be chubby if coloured), whose spiritualism consists in long peaked ears and knotted snake locks. Moreover, the nature of the animal between his legs, and of the ass's head in *Titania*, baffles us. Surely the latter, at least, should not be anything more than terrestrial. That it is no more none will admit. Mr. EARLE sends a *Hindoo Girl*; and there are contributions also from Mr. CALDER MARSHALL and five others.

In conclusion, and as a matter of mere duty, we must reiterate the annual fruitless protest against the mal-practices of the Hanging Committee at this gallery. Were it not for the experience of the utter futility of all remonstrance, we would devote to this subject more than a passing remark. As it is, we will only instance the following cases, appealing to the judgment of all such as have studied art to decide whether the favouritism is not here potent and palpable. We allude to Nos. 33, 156, 221, 301, 381, and 415, all of which are on the line; several being works which, we will venture to say, should not have been hung at all, in consideration both of the many better ones, doubtless refused altogether, and of the many others, far superior in merit, whose position here is equivalent to rejection, or, what is worse, to condemnation. The above numbers include performances by Messrs. FISHER, SALTER, and COLE, than which, we believe, there can be few less worthy on the walls of the Institution. We would also ask (less in reference to their value than to their size and number) why Mr. ROBBINS'S three marine views are all of them so prominently placed?

It is well for the English School of Painting that its character does not depend on such works as predominate in this, the Opening Art Exhibition of the year 1850.

W. M. R.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

A SPLENDID portrait, by Grant, of Sir Tatton Sykes, subscribed for by upwards of 800 gentlemen, was presented to him last week at the De Grey Rooms, in the city of York.—The preparations for the Exhibition of Ancient and Mediaeval Art at the Society of Arts are proceeding very satisfactorily. The Board of Ordnance, the Society of Antiquaries, the Carpenter's Company, and a great many private possessors of beautiful relics have agreed to send them for exhibition. King John's cup is coming, or has been received, from Lynn; and many colleges have sent their grace-cups. Various articles from Windsor Castle will arrive in a few days. The Exhibition will open early in March.—The senior Society of Painters in Water Colours held their annual meeting for the election of Associates, and chose Miss Rayner, Mr. Paul Naftel, a native of Guernsey, and Herr Karl Hagedorn, a Prussian.—The house of John Knox, at Edinburgh, is to have a custodian paid for showing the relic to the public; and, it is intended that a portion of the house shall subserve certain purposes of general archaeology—the Reformer's study and the room in which he died being more particularly held sacred to his memory.—The Professorship of Ancient History, in connexion with the Royal Academy, having become vacant by the death of the late Dr. Copplestone, the Bishop of Llandaff, the vacancy has been filled up by the appointment of Mr. T. B. Macaulay. Sir Robert Harry Inglis has been elected into the vacancy which has for some time existed in the Antiquarian Professorship.

A decree has been issued by the President of the French Republic, ordering the erection of a monument to the memory of Marshal Ney, on the very spot where he was shot. The monument will represent *le Brave des Braves* presenting his breast to the fire of his executioners.—A letter from Marseilles of the 25th January, announces the arrival of Horace Vernet on his return from Rome, where he has been studying the theatre of the last operations of the French army, previous to his preparation of his grand historical painting.—The obsequies of the celebrated sculptor Bartolini took place at Florence on the 21st January. An immense crowd followed the funeral procession. Upwards of 500 persons with torches preceded the hearse. The President and ex-President of the Academy of Fine Arts, Count Walewski, Minister of the French Republic, and the Maestro Joachim Rossini, the intimate friend of the deceased, held the pall. The procession stopped before the Academy of Fine Arts, when two young students stepped forth, and laid a laurel crown with crape on the bier. The funeral service was held in the church of the Annunziata, and Giulio Carbone made a touching discourse over the body.—Another valuable relic of ancient excellence has been added to the list of those excavated in and about Rome during the last few months. In the Villa Doria, at Albano, a fine statue of a Centaur has been just brought to light,

after remaining buried for ages in the grounds. It is of a pure style of execution, and in good preservation. The human part of the monster is of *rosso antico*, whilst the equine half is of grey marble, or *biggio antico*.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, OPERA COMIQUE.—The performances at the French Theatre have been sufficiently varied during the past fortnight, but the most important event has been the production of *Postillon de Longjumeau*, one of the most popular of French comic operas. M. CHOLLET appeared in his original character of *Chapelon*, and sustained the part with as much vigour and good acting, if not with quite as much voice as when we heard him sing the well-known ballad, *Oh! oh! oh! qu'il était beau*, some fifteen years ago. This opera, composed by M. ADOLPHE ADAM is well known in England, having been performed here both in French and English. Some of the music is very pretty; and, in addition to the *Postillon's* ballad, the air sung by *Madeleine* in the first act, *Mon petit mari*, and the bufo song, *Oui, des Choristes du Théâtre*, in the third act, are both highly effective. Mademoiselle GUICHARD performed the part of *Madeleine*, and acquitted herself with great success in the character of the village bride, and subsequently as the great lady.

DRURY LANE.—Our vaticinations regarding the success of *Fiesco* having unfortunately been realized, MR. ANDERSON has since revived the noble play of *Julius Caesar*. We are compelled to state that, in spite of its intrinsic merits, and the capital mounting throughout, it went heavily. A slow style of acting and elocution seems to be the prevailing fault of both the manager and his company. Mr. ANDERSON'S *Marc Antony*, dignified and severe, was wanting in fire and passion; whilst Mr. CATHCART'S *Cassius*, which occasionally aroused the audience to applause, was at other times hurried, indistinct, and crude. Mr. VANDENHOFF'S *Brutus* was alone exempt from fault; yet this intelligent actor leans too strongly to the declamatory and the elaborate. The short but interesting part of *Portia* was assigned to a lady, who, at no very distant period, shone as one of our first tragedian actresses. Who that ever saw Miss MITFORD'S *Rienzi* can forget the sensation made by Miss LOUISA PHILIPS in her *début* as the heroine. Married in America, she has been several years absent from the stage, and now returns to it, for high and holy purposes, with undiminished powers. She was well received, and exhibited a dramatic power so entirely natural and free from the spasmodic action of some more modern actresses, that Mr. ANDERSON will do well to give her a more prominent place in his castings of character. A new comedy, entitled *First Love*, is underlined at this house, said to be from the pen of Mr. ROBERTS, and his first dramatic attempt; others ascribe it to Mr. SULLIVAN.

ADELPHI.—There has been no novelty at this prosperous little house since the Christmas pieces until the other night, when a new farce was produced, exactly suited to the broad fun of WRIGHT and BEDFORD. It is called *My Precious Betsy*, and is by Mr. J. M. MORTON. We can safely recommend it to all such persons as stand in need of an hour's hearty enjoyment of the broadest sort of drollery.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Mr. G. BENNETT'S *Retribution* continues to be played four times a-week; but on the off-nights, *The Wife*, by SHERIDAN KNOWLES, and *Lovely's Sacrifice*, by MR. LOVE, have been revived, for the purpose of introducing to the London public a Miss EDWARDES; whose personation of *Margaret*, the heroine of the latter play, we witnessed with considerable pleasure. The young lady has feeling and stage tact, and is likely to prove a valuable addition to Mr. PHELPS'S company. Her fault seems to lie in *over-exertion*. Miss FITZPATRICK'S *Herminie* was a charming piece of acting, more than equal to what Mrs. WALTER LACY'S used to be in the same part, because wholly exempt from her affectation.

THE OLYMPIC.—*The Noble Heart* is the title of a new tragedy which was produced on these boards on the evening of Monday the 18th, with that equivocal success which so frequently attends a first night. This play is the composition of a gentleman whose literary abilities, though they may not have been hitherto tested in the dramatic form, have been recognized by the public. Mr. G. H. LEWES is the author of two clever novels—*Rose, Blanche, and Violet*, and *Ranborpe*. We understand that the *The Noble Heart* has not only been played with success in the provinces, but that the author has played in it; nevertheless we are doubtful as to its retaining any lasting position on the boards. Yet the story is interesting, and confined to

three acts. Indignant at some offence from his sovereign, *Don Gomez de la Vega* (Mr. BROOKE), a proud Spanish noble, declines a summons to the wars against the Moors, but sends his son in his stead. This son, *Don Leon* (Mr. DAVENPORT), in the disguise of an humble rank, has won the love of *Juanna*, a merchant's daughter, to whom he pledges his faith before his departure; meanwhile, *Juanna* (Mrs. MOWATT), has been seen by *Don Gomez*, who loves her, and who, after a stern conflict with his pride of birth, decides on offering her his hand. For that purpose he waits on her father, *Reinaldos* (Mr. JOHNSTONE), in time to rescue him from imprisonment for heavy debts; at such a moment he need scarcely have feared repulse. *Juanna* sacrifices her love and peace on the altar of marriage to save her father, and the ceremony is hardly concluded before *Leon* arrives from the army, crowned with laurels. At this point the situations become highly dramatic, and the chief merit of the play consists in the effect with which they are developed. *Don Gomez*, in utter ignorance of the love which had existed between his son and his bride, discovers it, with rage at their supposed treachery, and horror at beholding them embrace in the sudden impulse of meeting. A scene of passionate altercation occurs between sire and son, which is interrupted by *Juanna*, who declares the truth. The "noble heart" within *Don Gomez* then speaks out—his tenderness follows forgiveness—he resigns his own happiness for theirs—and by obtaining the annulment of his own nuptials, prepares the way for his retirement to monastic seclusion. It will be seen that these incidents are too few for a three-act play, and the consequence is that the intermediate space is filled up with dialogue, which, though composed of poetical language and elegant writing, conduces to impatience and weariness on the part of the audience. *The Noble Heart* is, therefore, more fitted for the reading-room than the stage. Mrs. MOWATT's *Juanna* was a personification of exquisite grace; it was feminine in its tenderness, and at times impassioned. The *Don Leon* of Mr. DAVENPORT was perhaps the ablest thing we have yet seen that gentleman perform: he looked the part nobly, and acted it well. Mr. BROOKE's *Don Gomez* was occasionally powerful, and he had evidently studied the part, but his delineations of passion were violent and extravagant. Nor ought we to omit the *Monk* of Mr. RYDER, which was more than respectable. Some of the situations reminded us of similar ones in the opera of *La Favorita*, whilst *Don Gomez* recalls the noble veteran of the *Ervanni* of VICTOR HUGO. The scenery and dresses were excellent. After the play the author was called for, and walked across the stage. An old farce, by CHARLES SELBY, called *Catching an Heiress*, was then produced for the purpose of introducing Miss JANE COVENETY in the character of the heroine. The farce is utter trash, but pleased the "gods;" and the *debutante* seemed to possess all the requisite confidence and smartness indispensable to ladies who assume the male costume.

THE SURREY.—The excellent management of Mr. SHEPHERD has effected such wonderful improvements in this house that a visit to it has no longer become a calamitous infliction. He has gathered together a good working company, and by the choice of the "legitimate" drama, and the introduction of a higher school of histrionics than was heretofore encouraged across the Thames. He is already educating the tastes of the Surrey play-goers, whose evident admiration of such plays as *WESTLAND MARSTON'S Trevanian*, so recently produced here, give promise of still more felicitous effects. On the 18th of February, a new five-act play was brought out, which we witnessed on the succeeding evening. It is entitled *Old Love and New Fortune*, and comes from the pen of Mr. H. F. CHORLEY, the author of *Conti* and several other novels, but more familiarly recognized as a musical critic of some science and judgment. This is his first play we believe, and though defective in construction, is the vehicle of no small share of interest, poetic language, and dramatic fervour. Like the tragedy at the Olympic it is, however, a poem—*mise en action*, rather than a finished drama. The story is one of no novelty, yet the interest of the audience was excited throughout, and altogether we deem it superior to the Olympic piece, both in style and execution. It has livelier passages, and the poetic imagery is more original and fanciful. Mr. CRESWICK performed the part of the hero, *La Roque*, in a masterly manner; and to Mr. T. MEAD was assigned the difficult rôle of *Sir Archibald Harcourt*, whose love for a young ward is opposed by the pride of his daughter, *Sybil*, jealous of *La Roque*, whom yet she passionately loves. *Sybil* is one of those shrewish heroines in whom SHERIDAN KNOWLES rejoices, and was cleverly played by Madame PONISI. In the end *Sir Archibald* finds that, in

spite of his "fifty years," his ward *Eve* (Miss MALCOLM), loves him, and not *La Roque*, who, in turn, subdues the pride of *Sybil*, and then rewards her new humility by proclaiming himself no Templar, but an earl. *Sir Archibald* has also a son, *Albert* (Mr. RAYMOND), whose stolen marriage with a certain *Margaret* (Miss LAPORTE), conduces to the intricacies and interests of the plot. All ends happily, and the actors and actresses are rewarded for very commendable exertions by the well-deserved applause of a crowded house.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—Since reading the article upon "Copyright," which occupies the two first pages of your number of the 1st of February, I have re-perused attentively, the letter with which the subject opens, signed, E. W. Cox; and, by reference to all the acts of Parliament, the lucid judgment in *Boosey v. Purday*, including the authorities bearing upon the subject, I am more and more convinced that the writer is wrong in the supposition, that that judgment "does not determine whether a foreigner, resident in Great Britain, can have the benefit of our Copyright Acts, if not naturalized." The very expression of the learned judges decides the question when they say "our opinion is, that the Legislature must be considered, *prima facie*, to mean to legislate for its own subjects, or those who owe obedience to its laws; and consequently, that the acts apply, *prima facie*, to 'British subjects only, being authors.' Now if we ascertain what constitutes a *subject* of any country, and particularly a "British subject," we shall then come at the proper definition and construction both of the term and the application. And then, as to what constitutes "residence," and *such a residence* as confers the privileges of a "British subject," we cannot mistake the common-sense inference and legal intention of the Legislature. Having defined what a *subject* is, and that a Foreigner, like a Freemason, must be *made*, before he can become, a "British subject," it now remains to see what is implied in the term "residence" of a foreigner, so as to give him the benefits of the English statutes relating to copyright. It will readily be admitted that an American coming here, and remaining long enough to dispose of a manuscript (having doubtless arranged before his departure, for its first publication at home,) cannot be deemed residence in the eye of the law. Neither can a foreigner taking up his abode here for twelve months constitute him a *resident* and a "British subject." Besides, what does the International Copyright Act itself imply, which states, "Whereas it is desirable to afford protection within Her Majesty's dominions to authors of books first published in foreign countries, where protection shall be afforded in such foreign countries to the authors of books first published in Her Majesty's dominions?" Why, that, no copyright under any other circumstances could be effected. This is intended to obviate the difficulties upon being reciprocated and made a national affair, instead of being left open to the frauds and cupidity of monopolists upon mere assumption. Laws are made for nations, and not for individuals, and separate interests must thereby be merged in the general good. Your columns might be filled with statements upon this subject, but no power of reasoning could make the matter clearer than it has already been laid down by the highest Law Authorities.

The litigation is at an end, and the monopolists must abide the consequences of their attempt to become *law-makers* or *law-breakers*, as best suited their purpose.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Z. T. PURDAY.

* * When D'Aubigné was in this country he put into the hands of Oliver and Boyd, (I will not say sold the Copyright,) the fourth volume of his "History of the Reformation," for which he received a consideration; and the publishers, having engaged an Englishman in conjunction with the author, to translate the original work into the English language, they thereby assumed a copyright; but having republished it in his own (the French) language, an edition was printed in Paris, and retranslated and brought out in this country as a non-copyright. What does this prove?

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE publishing world is quiet as yet. Not a book or a murmur emanates from Paternoster Row. The shilling localities have all their own way. We say again, the

symptom is a cheering one. But it cannot last. When the reprints are exhausted (and they soon must be), contemporary authors and fashionable publishers may again set to work. But the question arises, will the public return with satisfaction to mediocrity and to thirty-one-and-sixpence worths? We think not. So, at the least, a change must come o'er the spirit of "the trade." A revolution in the book world is already well nigh accomplished; but the *denouement* is doubtful, as yet.—The publication of Chateaubriand's *Memoirs* has been resumed in the *Presse*, but the public continues to display most profound indifference to them.—The jubilee edition of the Royal Alfred's works, promised at the Wantage millenary festival, is said to be in preparation, under the direction of able Saxon scholars and other distinguished *literati*.—Some sensation has been produced in Paris by the publication of a *brochure* professing to lift the veil from the secret history of the Montagnard party in the great days of February, 1848. The author, M. Chenu, was once a Captain in Caussidiere's Guard; he has now turned on his former associates, and professed to expose their vulgar selfishness of aim and dissolute habits of private life. The first edition of the pamphlet was sold in a few hours; and 3,000 francs have been offered for permission to publish the second edition. M. Caussidiere, in a letter from London to the *Patrie*, states that M. Chenu hardly knows how to read or write, and is therefore not the author of his book; that he was imprisoned, with hard labour, for theft and assassination in his regiment; that he was a provocative spy, and was driven from the Prefecture by M. Caussidiere; whence "his hatred, threats, and even attempts at assassination."

In a collection of MSS. about to be brought to auction in Paris, is an autograph of Tasso, attached to a written acknowledgment from the poet of a debt of a small sum to a Jew, named Abraham Levi, for which, says Tasso, the Jew took in pledge "the sword of my father, six shirts, four sheets, and two table cloths."

A meeting was recently held in the Hopetown Rooms, Edinburgh, to consider the propriety of erecting a monument to the memory of the late Lord Jeffrey. A series of resolutions were moved and carried for the erection of an architectural monument in Edinburgh, and for appointing committees in that city and in London for carrying out the object.—A grand *soiree* of the members of the Glasgow Atheneum and their friends took place on Wednesday in Glasgow. The principal speaker were—the chairman, Mr. Sheriff Alison, Mr. Sheriff Bell, Mr. Dunlop (of Craigton), Dr. Nichol, Baillie Playfair, Rev. Dr. Cumming, and Sir James Anderson, the Lord Provost. One of the most interesting features of the meeting was the presentation of a beautiful silver medal to Mr. Sheriff Alison, in recognition of his friendly services to the institution, both in the warm interest with which he advocated their cause, and the more direct means of assistance which he had lent to the formation of their library.

The subscription for the support of the Rev. Mr. Whiston, on behalf of cathedral schools, against the misappropriation of the funds by deans, and chapters, is progressing favourably. It already amounts to upwards of 500£.—Several articles have appeared in a respectable newspaper of New York, entitled *The Friend*, according to which the Dauphin of France, son of Louis the Sixteenth, who was for so many years reported dead, from the brutal usage of Simon the shoemaker to whom he had been apprenticed, is now a chieftain and missionary among the Menominee Indians! The articles in question give many details of an official visit to a Council of the Menominees, authorized by the United States Government; and the parties who have related the particulars of the Dauphin's escape from France and his subsequent history are men unimpeachable honour and veracity. They are thoroughly convinced that the present Menominee Chief, Eleazer Williams, and the son of Louis the Sixteenth, are one and the same person.—M. Claudet states that a subscription has been opened in France for the purpose of procuring a refuge from want and destitution for the widow of M. Courtois, celebrated for his discovery of iodine. "Without his genius and labour," says M. Claudet, "the beautiful discoveries of the Daguerreotype and Talbotype processes would probably never have been made; for iodine is their fundamental principle." M. Claudet adds, that "Courtois has been a benefactor to mankind by adding iodine to the list of substances

usefully employed in the cure of diseases." The object proposed is to procure admission for Madame Courtois into the Hospice des Menages; and the sum required for the purpose is 1500 francs.

At a meeting of papermakers, authors, publishers, and printers, held in Edinburgh last week, to promote the object of repealing the excise-duty on paper, some interesting statistics were exhibited by Mr. William Chambers, Mr. Durham, and Mr. Charles Cowan, M.P. The duty on paper, amounting to three-halfpence per pound, does not materially affect the more expensive class of publications—it does not exceed 3d. or 6d. a volume; but on cheap publications it becomes a tax of almost twenty per cent. on the value of the paper used. During the five years ending 1848, the Messrs. Chambers paid for paper the sum of 63,425*l.*, and of this sum 14,335*l.* was exacted as duty; they at present pay 1,200*l.* a year to Government. A journal published by their firm, which circulated 80,000 copies a week, was abandoned under the pressure of the paper-duty. This step was in effect the abandonment of a business that circulated 18,000*l.* a year in the employment of labour; a sum equal to the maintenance of 600 families at 12*s.* a week, or 2,400*s.* of the population. On the coarse paper used by tradesmen for wrapping their retailed goods the duty amounts to seventy or eighty per cent. of the original cost, and "forty per cent. on the combined cost"—out of every 10*l.* paid, 4*l.* is exacted as duty. This amounts in large ironmongery businesses to a tax of more than 200*l.* a year; in the grocery business the grocer escapes by weighing with the sugar, &c., which he sells, the heavy absorbent paper which wraps it; but the burden is thus thrown on the poor man, and is onerous in proportion to his poverty—in proportion to the smallness and frequency of his purchases. While the man in comfortable circumstances orders forty pounds' weight of sugar at once, the poor man comes for it in forty or eighty parcels, and he loses at least as much sugar as the weight of all the coarse absorbent paper which is used for wrappage. A paper has lately been manufactured in France from straw, which could be purchased in the Edinburgh market at 3*s.* or 4*s.* per ton, 1*s.* 9*d.*, or 2*s.* per hundredweight; but upon this material, which would cost less than one farthing a pound, would be charged a tax of three half-pence a pound. The Paris journal *La Presse* is published at 40 francs a year (365 numbers,) or the smallest fraction above one penny a number. The circulation was lately about 30,000 a day, or about 10,950,000 copies a year, weighing about 342 tons. Our excise-duty of 14*l.* 10*s.* on this quantity would be 5,000*l.*—that is to say, a rate of some 29 per cent on the whole cost of the paper, and one of 10 per cent on the gross return of the publication, exclusively of advertisements. The stamp-duty and the paper-duty together would absorb the whole return of the publication. Mr. Cowan, as a manufacturer, acceded to Mr. Chambers's opinion that if the excise-duty were removed, and a complete free trade in paper established, we should compete advantageously with France and Belgium, and should supply the colonies on the most favourable terms.

BOOKS, MUSIC, AND WORKS OF ART

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW,

From February 1, to March 1, 1850.

[SOME errors in delivery having occurred, we purpose, in future, to acknowledge the receipt of all Books, Music, and Works of Art forwarded for review, and which will be noticed with all convenient speed. Publishers and Authors are requested to apprise the Editor of any Works sent that may not appear in this List.]

From Mr. COLBURN.

Life of Tasso. 2 vols.

Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn. Edited by W. Bray.

From Mr. DELPH.

Danas' Poems and Prose Writings. 2 vols.

From Mr. JOHN CHAPMAN.

History of Ancient Art among the Greeks.

Purpose of Existence.

From Mr. PUTNAM (New York.)

King of the Hur. ns.

From Mr. JAMES DARLING.

Mannual of Parochial Institutions.

From Mr. JOHN MURRAY.

Howson's History of the Mediterranean.

Journal of the Agricultural Society, No. 24.

From Messrs. CRADOCK and Co.

India, Ancient and Modern.

Guy's Royal Victoria Spelling Book.

From Mr. MORTIMER.

The Slave Trade. By the Hon. Captain Denman, R. N.

From Mr. C. COX.
South's Household Surgery; or Hints on Emergencies.
Steam to Australia.
Glenny's Flower Garden and Greenhouse.

Family Friend. Vol. I.
A Whisper to a Newly-Married Pair.
From the CHURCH OF ENGLAND SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTION.
Lessons on the Collects.

From Mr. BOSWORTH.

Art of Conversation.
From Mr. CHARLES FOX.
Elliott's More Verse and Poetry. Vol. I.

From Messrs. GROOMBRIDGE and SONS.
Educational Outlines.
Suggestive Hints towards Secular Instruction.

Woman's Friendship.

From Messrs. CHARLES KNIGHT and Co.
National Cyclopaedia. Vol. 9.
History of England during the Peace. Vol. 2.

Bible History. By John Kitto.

From Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL.
Ainsworth's Rookwood. (Cheap Edition.)
Ainsworth's Chrichton. (Cheap Edition.)

From Mr. W. PICKERING.
Vert-Vert. From the French of Gresset. By Robert Snow.

Christian Doctrine and Practice in the Twelfth Century.

From Messrs. BAILEY BROTHERS.

Bailey's United Service and East India Record. No. 1.

From Mr. J. PAUL.

Sermons by the Rev. W. McVILL.

From Mr. E. GOVER, Sen.
Guyot's (A.) Comparative Physical Geography.

Guyot's (A.) The Earth and Man.

Vogel's (K.) Illustrated Physical Atlas.

From Messrs. SMITH and Co.
Crime. By John B. Hopkins.

From Mr. MASTERS.

Story of a Dream.

Margaret; an Olden Tale.

From Messrs. ROUTLEDGE and Co.

Irving's (W.) Life of Oliver Goldsmith. (Cheap Edition.)

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Hughes's Explanatory Arithmetic. Part I.

School Geography, Physical and Political.

Osborne's (D.) Oceanus.

From Mr. H. G. BOHN.

Lodge's Portraits. Vol. 4.

Handbook of Games.

Humboldt's Views of Nature.

Emerson's Representative Men. (Cheap Edition.)

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Celestial Telegraph, or Secrets, &c.

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Histoire de France. Par A. R. D. Montarcis, et S. A. Mayeux.

From Messrs. SIMMS and MC INTYRE.

Tales of the Woods and Forests (Parlour Library.)

From Mr. SLATER.

Voices of the Night. By W. H. Longfellow.

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Socialism Unmasked, from the French of Charles Gouraud.

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Geography of Great Britain.

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BIRTHS.

WALFORD.—On the 20th February, at Clifton, the wife of the Rev. Edward Walford, M.A., late assistant master of Tunbridge School, of a son.

DEATHS.

SCHADOW.—At Berlin, on the 28th ultimo, Godfrey Schadow, the celebrated founder of the Dusseldorf School, and President of the Academy of Arts and Sciences at Berlin. Upon the night of the 25th, he was in the apparent enjoyment of excellent health and spirits, at the performance of Boile's *Bondman*. He died in less than forty-eight hours, having probably caught cold in returning home.

Heirs-at-Law, Next-of-Kin, &c. wanted.

[A Register of the References where full particulars of the following may be found, is kept at the CARRICK OFFICE. To prevent unnecessary trouble or impertinent curiosity, they will be supplied only on payment of half-a-crown for the search. If the inquiry be by letter, this may be transmitted in postage stamps. It will be sufficient to state the number prefixed to the particular case upon which information is sought.]

1341. HEIR-AT-LAW of RALPH BROWN, merchant, who died at Bahia, Brazil, in 1835, and had a brother residing in Birmingham about that time. *Something to advantage.*

1342. ANN TANNER (sister of John Tanner, of Hereford, baker, died December 21, 1849.) She left Hereford for London about twenty-five years back, and returned to Hereford about two years since, whence she started again for London, and is supposed to be living in service. *Something to her advantage.*

1343. NEXT-OF-KIN of CHARLES ELLIS, formerly of Park-road, Dalston, and Hampton Court, Middlesex (died in March, 1835), or their representatives.

1344. Mrs. HALEY, supposed to have come from Brighton, and was formerly known by the names of Miss Russell and Mrs. Maltby. *Something to her advantage.*

1345. BURIAL CERTIFICATE of Madame LEONARD LEQUEUX (died in London between the years 1830 and 1834), or information of her. *A reward.*

1346. Information regarding ALEXANDER JACK, a native of Carse of Gowrie, Perthshire; left Scotland in 1830 or 1831, was for some time in London, and is supposed to have gone to the East Indies. *A reward.*

1347. NEXT-OF-KIN of WILLIAM FORWARD, of 4, Williams-terrace, Turnham-green (died July 4, 1848), or their representatives.

1348. WILLIAM PRICE, who was formerly clerk to Mr. J. W. Dawson, of 20, Bloomsbury-street, solicitor. *Something to his advantage.*

1349. ROBERT WILLIAM BURT, son of the late Robert Burt, of Niffield, Sussex, and the CHILDREN of the late JAMES BURT, of the same place. *Something to their advantage.*

1350. HEIR-AT-LAW of PETER SARNEY BENWELL, of Henley-on-Thames, Oxford, brewer (died in September, 1848.)

1351. RELATIONS of NEXT-OF-KIN of ELIZA MORRISON, of Lindore-villa, Brighton (died November 17, 1849.) *Something to advantage.*

1352. RELATIONS of NEXT-OF-KIN of THOMAS LEAKE, of French-street, Lozells, Handsworth, Stafford (died in October, 1849). *Something to their advantage.*

1353. NEXT-OF-KIN of WILLIAM PERRY, of St. Giles, Oxford, widower (died July 30, 1830), or their personal representatives.

1354. NEXT-OF-KIN and HEIR-AT-LAW of THOMAS POWELL, B.A., of Cheshunt, Tottenham, Middlesex (died in June, 1848), or their personal representatives.

1355. NEXT-OF-KIN of HUGH DELVES, of Wavertree, Lancaster, yeoman (died May 4, 1844).

1356. RELATIONS of NEXT-OF-KIN of DANIEL SHAW, steward of the merchant ship *Norfolk* (died at sea, Jan. 30, 1849). *Something to their advantage.*

1357. WILL of ANN CAMERON, late of Pentontown, widow, (died at Bath in December, 1849.) *20/- reward.*

1358. CHILDREN of NEAREST OF KIN of MEYER NATHAN MEYER, an Israelite, who came to England about the year 1796, and afterwards emigrated to the East or West Indies, or to America. *May obtain 20,000/- to which he is entitled.*

1359. COUSINS of GEORGE FLETCHER, late of Edwinstone, Nottingham, wheelwright (died in May, 1845).

1360. NEXT-OF-KIN of any person claiming under the Statute of Distribution to a share of the estate of JOHN FISHER, of Whitehaven, lunatic.

1361. HEIR-AT-LAW of SAMUEL LEGGATT, of Norwich, gentleman (died in September, 1794), and also of any sons or son of the said S. Leggatt.

1362. HENRY FAIRCLOUGH (son of Robert Fairclough, of Sunderland, master mariner, deceased), who left London for Calcutta about August, 1838, as seaman on board the ship or vessel *William Gales*. *Something to his advantage.*

1363. NEXT-OF-KIN of WILLIAM FORWARD, of 4, Williams-terrace, Turnham-green, Middlesex (died July 4, 1848), or their representatives.

1364. HEIR-AT-LAW of JOHN PRUDAY, of Oundle, Northampton, baker, deceased.

1365. NEXT-OF-KIN of THOMAS CHARTERS, formerly of New Bond-street, Middlesex, and late of Nice, Sardinia, coachmaker (died January 10, 1847.)

1366. NEXT-OF-KIN of WILLIAM FREEMAN, formerly of the Boar's Head-yard, Westminster, and late of Sussex-road, Coalharbour-lane, Brixton.

1367. NEXT-OF-KIN of GRACE COX, of Newton-by-Chester, spinster (died May, 1848); and also the legal personal representatives of such as are dead.

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